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# ...ly Review

## GENTLEMEN'S RELISH

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MARCH 15, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

*Sir Norman Angell, author of "After All." (See page 16)*

## *Poetry & Perfection*

By JOHN MASEFIELD

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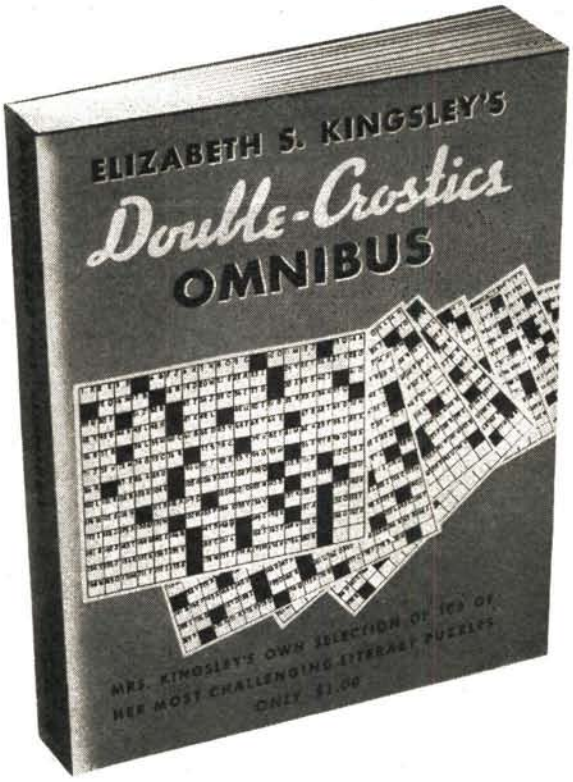


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# The Saturday Review

MARCH 15, 1952

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# Good News

▸ The N. Y. State Housing Commissioner has announced that community recreation centers as well as specially fitted apartments for the aged are to be included hereafter in all state-aided public housing projects. The centers will be open not only to old persons living in the projects but also to their friends who live outside. Commissioner Stichman said a program of directed activities, which will include discussion groups, lectures, music, painting, sculpture, and folk dancing, will be "designed to eliminate loneliness and mental insecurity and to provide personal and social satisfactions."

▸ Eight hundred and sixty-two nuns, of forty orders in the N. Y. Archdiocese of the Roman Catholic Church, recently set a one-day record for blood donations—862 pints. The previous record, 733 pints, was set by crew members of the Navy aircraft carrier *Oriskany*.

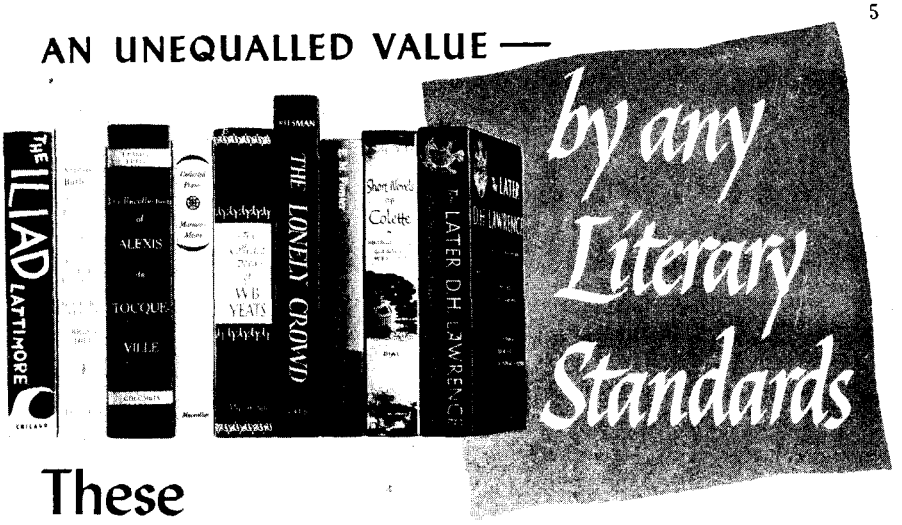
▸ Passage by the City Commission of Albuquerque, N. M., of a strong civil rights ordinance places this city in the forefront of local communities combating racial discrimination. The new ordinance, banning racial discrimination in places of public accommodation, is believed to be the first such law passed by a city legislative body. Other civil rights statutes have generally been passed by state legislatures rather than by city councils.

▸ Police Chief Kirwin, of Peabody, Mass., has reported that Peabody's new police station was open for twenty-one days and was completely unoccupied. He said three weeks without an arrest established a thirty-year record in this city of 22,000.

▸ Paris students are helping ease the acute shortage of newsprint and other kinds of paper by collecting old newspapers, magazines, writing and wrapping paper under a scheme worked out by the French paper industry. At the same time they earn money for themselves. Student collectors are provided with box tricycles for use in the city itself, while some are taken by bus to the suburbs.

▸ A new "secret weapon" against traffic accidents—a special camera to be synchronized with the brakes and horns of cars, motorcycles, and bicycles—will be patented all over the world by its inventor, Walter Westermann, of Oberursel, Germany. The camera will automatically take pictures of the road ahead whenever horns or brakes are used. The photographs will make it easier to determine who is responsible for accidents.


AN UNEQUALLED VALUE —

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let the harridan earth
tremble
with the marshalling of
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he-men
trade her in tears and blood;
wives twist
out the wail of the casualty
list.
(We're at it again) . . .

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**SCRIBNERS**

# TRADE Winds

*While Bennett Cerf is on vacation* TRADE WINDS *is being written by the author of "Gentleman's Agreement" and "The Celebrity"—Mrs. Laura Z. Hobson.*

**A SWITCH ON SWITCHERS:** "You may be amused by my unusual experience as a 'switcher.' I am now dealing with my twenty-fifth publisher. Is that a record? And yet, I have never voluntarily left a publisher in my life. Always my old publisher didn't like my new book; so I suppose it's a record in variability." This comes from Upton Sinclair.

**AT HARVARD,** Professor Gordon Allport was defining the superego to his psychology students, and, seeing that the confused faces before him kept on looking confused, finally said, "The superego is that part of you that's soluble in alcohol." Confusion fled.

**AT NYU,** Milton Stern circled part of the *Tribune*'s story on its own Book and Author luncheon, at which Phyllis McGinley, Herbert Philbrick, and Herman Wouk spoke. In the circle was, "Mr. Wouk said, 'Any art form that in one season produces "Herman Melville, U.S.A.," "From Here to Eternity," "Catcher in the Rye," and "Requiem for a Nun" is in good shape indeed.' "

Mr. Stern's comment: "This shows a prominent young American writer in a wouk moment. He left out 'The Hall Caine Mutiny.' "

Moby Mr. Stern is right.

**YOUNGSTERS WHO WANT TO WRITE** often seek out authors of published books for help, advice, and magic formulae. Of the latter there are none; of advice there usually is too much. But several times I've been able to give a discouraged beginner—in whose talent and tenacity I believed—a little more confidence by making him play a kind of game. I ask him to pick his favorite novel from my shelves. "Better choose an old one."

The search begins and in a moment the young writer is holding "War and Peace," "Vanity Fair," "Nicholas Nickleby," or some other immortal. I ask him to open it anywhere except near the end of the book, and then I say, "Here's paper and a pencil. Copy out that page longhand." "Copy it?" "Sure." Dubiously he does so.

Then I say, "Now you've got one page of mss.—just as Dickens had that page once (or Tolstoi, or Thackeray). Read it out loud." "Right now?" Even more dubiously he begins.

If we're lucky he will be reading two or three paragraphs that, out of context, seem quite average, devoid of beautiful phrasing, grandeur of ideas, wit, or tragedy. "Sounds rather ordinary, doesn't it?" I ask at the end. "Dickens (or Tolstoi or Thackeray, as the case may be) knew he didn't have

to knock his readers over in two or three paragraphs. You don't have to either. You have five thousand paragraphs ahead of you to tell your story, build your characters, achieve your effect. Any single page, except the one that says 'THE END,' is just something in transition toward that end. So if a page or a chapter you've just written—"

There's nothing dubious about him now. He rushes off the moment he can, pausing only to say, "Of course, I know I'm no Dickens or Thackeray or Tolstoi—"

**WORK IN PROGRESS:** Edna Ferber is rewriting, for the last time, her longest novel, which she originally meant to call "Giant," and which, after some months of hesitation because Feike Feikema called his new novel "The Giant," she *is* going to call "Giant." It will run serially in the *L. H. Journal,* starting in May, and Doubleday will publish it in September. Could Miss Ferber give TRADE WINDS some notion of her plot? "Well, it's laid in Texas, but you can say it's definitely *not* a Western."

Henry Morton Robinson is following "The Cardinal" with a novel about whiskey to be called "Water of Life." This story of an American whiskey-making family from 1852 on "will take up the moral, social, financial, and theological aspects of whiskey." About 500 pages of mss. are done already, and when I asked what fraction of the whole that was—half? three-quarters? —Mr. Robinson said, "Oh, no, it's just the overture, a merry glissando."

Margaret Leech, who won a Pulitzer Prize for history ten years ago for "Reveille in Washington," says she would be done with her new book now except that she is "having trouble assassinating President McKinley."

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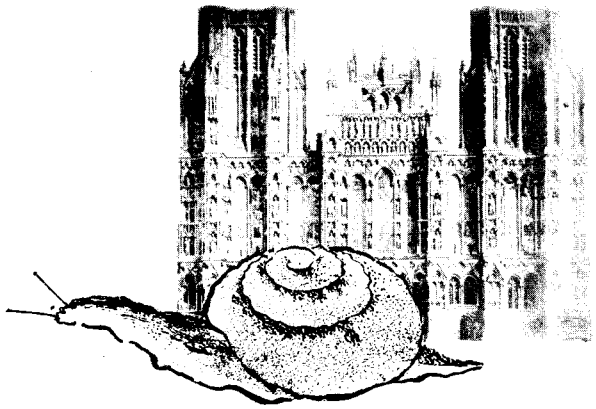

# The snail that helped build a cathedral

IN THE living rock of which England's cathedrals are made, are embedded the petrified forms of strange small animals which lived in the sea hundreds of millions of years ago. These were the first form of life to see the world around them—earth's eternal memories of the time before man, when Britain emerged from the oceans as a tropical land. So does the past take part in the present—in the things and thoughts of every land, to an extent unsuspected in this age when nothing seems permanent.

This is a book about the one-ness of all existence throughout all time. The simplest way to explain it would be to call it a book about geology (to put a hard name on a fascinating subject). But a better description would be: *a book about Creation*, the constant, recurrent making and remaking of the life of the earth, in which the life of man is but a small part.

Basically, it is a work of the sciences through which man seeks his origins. It retraces the steps he took as an embryo past tail and fin and gill to the first stirrings of consciousness in the drying mud of the young earth, and then on through history to the present.

There are ideas here so sublime, yet so complex, that scientists are only now beginning to grasp them fully. Yet in this book they come through with what seems magical simplicity. It is a joy to read. Credit that to a woman's creative warmth when she is in love with her subject. Credit it also to a poet's love of the language.

The American readers who have welcomed and relished in rapid succession both *The Sea Around Us* and *Gods, Graves, and Scholars* will find cause for more rejoicing now that Britain has sent us A LAND. A great popular success in England last year, it won one of the three awards for outstanding British books given annually by the London *Times*.

# A LAND

BY JACQUETTA HAWKES

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***"Sharp and amusing . . .***

"A telling and sometimes hilarious satire on the experimental college in general, and, especially, on the paradoxes of the too earnest liberal." — Joseph Wood Krutch, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

***"Brilliantly stinging . . .***

"Miss McCarthy's art brings close to ultimate accomplishment man's frequently stated wish to have said what he only wishes he had said."
—Charles Poore, *N. Y. Times*

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—Alice Morris,
*N. Y. Times Book Review*

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HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
New York 17

Having worked on him for years, she finds herself, thus far, psychologically unable to pull the final trigger. But with Harper urging her on, she fears she will finish "McKinley" off soon.

**TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED** copies of a statement attacking the blacklisting of writers, particularly those working for radio, TV, and the screen, have recently gone out as part of a new campaign by the Authors League of America. The statement says, in part, that the League " . . .now emphatically reaffirms its position that such 'political screening' constitutes a basic threat to the entire body of free American writing. From the earliest days of this nation's life, our tradition has been that writers and writing should be free of political control. . . . Today any American writer may be subjected to dismissal, disgrace, and disaster through the organized activities of self-appointed monitors, eager to defend the nation on their own terms."

The full statement was sent not only to major sponsors, stations, and networks, to leading advertising agencies that prepare, package, and place radio and TV shows, to leading magazine editors and book publishers, but also to every Congressman and Senator in Washington.

**BOOKS IN GALLEY:** A young Canadian zoologist, Farley Mowat, who caught "Arctic fever" at the age of fifteen, has written a stunning book, part exploration, part anthropology, part adventure. It's "People of the Deer," the people being the inland Eskimos of the Arctic Barrenlands, and the deer being the caribou. Mr. Mowat took his B.S. after the war and then was faced "with a problem—whether to take a job or retire at the age of 28." He retired—to a log cabin and a typewriter. Some of his "People of the Deer" appeared first in the *Atlantic;* Little, Brown published it two weeks ago.

If you missed, you unfortunate, the sextet of Duveen pieces by S. N. Behrman when they ran in *The New Yorker* a while back, you will soon have, unlike most erring mortals, a second chance at some of the sprightliest and most informative matter in print. "Duveen" is coming next week, from Random House.

A mention of a Random House book right out loud takes a bit of nerve. Along with a five-week tenure of this column, it appears, goes a quaking conviction that all hell will break loose if Random House authors get mentioned too often. Indeed, one of them disconsolately murmured to me the other day, "Bennett leans over so far backward that if I ever hope to be noticed in TRADE WINDS at all, I'd better move to another publisher."

This struck me as a grievance that should be redressed while the redressing is good: Schulberg, Schulberg, Schulberg; Faulkner, Faulkner, Faulkner; Irwin Shaw, Irwin Shaw, Irwin

Shaw; Capote, Capote, Capote; Michener, Michener, Michener; O'Hara, O'Hara, O'Hara; Bowles, Bowles, Bowles; Cowles, Cowles, Cowles.

**REGARDING KILLERS** and other forms of book criticism, Dr. Robert Kohrman, of the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, sent me a paragraph written a century ago by Lichtenburg, whoever he was, and quoted by Freud in "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious": "I look upon reviews as a kind of children's disease which more or less attacks newborn books. There are cases on record where the healthiest succumbed to them and the puniest have often survived them. . . . Attempts . . . to prevent the disease by . . . amulets of prefaces and dedications, or by coloring them up with pronunciamentos do not always help."

**A TAX SCANDAL** that affects nearly all authors is that no provision is made for such things as their operating loss, experimentation, plant expansion, or downright deterioration. If a writer spends half a year on some stories and never sells one, the tax law merely says, "Tough." If a novelist tries a change-over to new methods and themes and goes into hock because of it, the tax laws merely give the fisheye to all the red ink. They won't let a productive writer plough back any profits into his factory, or set aside a solid fund against the time when he goes stale, runs down, loses energy. If the plant's machinery, in other words, burns out, explodes, or otherwise falls apart, the tax laws just shrug.

This is equally true, of course, for poets, songwriters, composers, dramatists, and etchers. But is it equally true for manufacturers, storekeepers, mine-owners? Does the U.S. tax law favor the businessman over the creative man? Chorus of authors' anguished voices: You bet it does.

**BENNETT CERF,** that handsome, talented, and irrepressible publisher, who headed for the swimming pools of California several weeks ago, is now returning, and his stand-in is heading for the nearest Turkish bath and steam room. Farewell, TRADE WINDS.

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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The Saturday Review

MARCH 15, 1952

# Poetry & Perfection

JOHN MASEFIELD

—Keystone Pictures.
John Masefield

IN MY youth all young writers felt strongly the influence of the last kindling Master who had appeared in England, D. G. Rossetti. Men had not then turned against him, to decry, deride, and blacken. To us he was the live spirit who had changed and enlivened the whole course of art in our land, who had inspired all who meant most to us, and left the solace of his protest to those who came too late to know him. Wonderful tales were current about him: his afterglow was with us. Men told me how by some miracle of mind he always knew the new genius at his first appearance, and the forgotten genius before he had been reprinted. Genius had been his food, his companion, his gift to us. Genius was drawn out of people by him.

Being at the time, as at all times, his disciple, I longed to have had the privilege of having been his pupil, to have heard his views of storytelling, his talk in general, his guidance in art's perplexities. Long afterwards I met with some who had known Rossetti. One of them (it was said) had been his cook and valet. I envied this man. I could not have cooked for Rossetti, but I was a useful lad to have around, pretty good at many jobs. I would have saved him a lot of trouble, and learned from him everything.

But that Master was dead, such privilege and service could not be.

Though we had not any system of apprenticeship to Master-Artists, and no school of the arts to be compared with the great endowment of the Marynsky, we had a national tradition, some centuries old, of the coterie or little company, meeting frequently at a tavern or coffee-house.

This tradition had not died. Something of the kind was to be found in London, but when found was less helpful to the beginner than the café life in Paris. Much of the guidance of the young writer then came from Paris. There, so we were told, the young man could go from café to café, seeking the clique or the guru essential to his soul. If he did not find what he sought in one, he went to another and another until he found it. There, in some cafés, under awnings on the sidewalks, were little tables at which young men could discuss their aims and works until the small hours. This abundant freedom of discussion was much less easy in London. For one thing, the climate is against it, and the narrower sidewalks forbid it. Then, in the London café, where the clique met for lunch or dinner, it was usually made very clear that the visitors were expected to go, as soon as their meal had ended, so that their places might be taken by others.

Still, there were certain little groups who met in various places in Soho at known times. Among these, it was possible to know and share the enthusiasms and despairs of youth. Of enthusiasm and despair youth has usually abundance.

In that time of plenty, prosperity,

*The above article is taken from John Masefield's new book, "So Long to Learn," an account of the influences that shaped him as a writer. "So Long to Learn," which is No. 63 in the Poet Laureate's collected works, is being published by the Macmillan Co.*

"The young ceased to imitate Tennyson . . .

. . . but were in subjection to Swinburne . . .

—The Bettmann Archive.
. . . and his inspirer, D. G. Rossetti."

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splendor, and energetic endeavor we had less despair and more enthusiasm than is possible for youth, maturity, or old age today. It was a great and kindling time.

THOSE who were young in that time will remember the passion for writing that then seemed to fill the air. Poetry and prose haunted and excited us waking and sleeping. All sorts of ways of writing allured, tempted, and possessed the beginner. What way offered the truth? What way did not? There were so many ways, cliques, and coteries; there were Symbolists, Parnassians, Realists, Regionalists, Celts, Celtic Fringers, Imperialists, Fresh-Air-ists, Blue Dome-ists, the Intense, the Precious, the Utter. Roughly speaking, all young men served with devotion in (and against) all these schools, according to the mood. Each of them had an ideal, each strove for a perfection the more in the art of writing, each had to be examined: for has not a writer to "make use of every friend and every foe"? Some did not hesitate to say that the perfection of writing had been attained. But why say that to the young, who had not yet attained?

What was it that the young men of my time wanted, in verse and prose? Like other young men, they wanted a change from what they were born to. Let it be a little considered what they wished to change.

In both ways of writing, in verse and prose, a polite perfection had been achieved. In the making of verses and measures Tennyson and Swinburne had touched certain peaks. In the writing of prose Pater and Arnold had achieved an elegance and clearness not to be surpassed. Why should the young wish to depart from perfection?

It is a law under which all live that all things are in change: "Everything that grows/Holds in perfection but a little moment." The spring is but an instant in which summer begins with its threat of autumn.

Long ago I heard two men talking of some of the Victorian stories. One said: "They are sometimes wonderful, but leave one with the feeling that they ought to be better done." The other said: "They will never be better done. The method has been pushed to perfection. After such perfection, there comes the deluge; and all has to begin again."

What the young men of my time felt was that the perfection reached was not shared by enough people: that it did not touch the world, that it drew no strength from the popular heart. Perhaps half of the admiration of the young was for the exclusive art, by which one lived away from the roar, the greed, the boast, and the grasp of the commercial time. With the other half of the young enthusiasm they strove to find some method or ways in which the experience of creation might be shared with the world.

As it fell, the businessmen of literature had for some time been trying to increase the reading public by changing some of the methods of publication. The long novel, published in monthly parts during a whole year or more, had ceased. The old three-volume novel at one and a half guineas, "the three-decker" as it was called, was ceasing. The fashion for a novel of about 80,000 words had become established: this kind of novel, at first published at about six shillings, fell suddenly to four shillings and sixpence, which remained, on the whole, the standard price for a novel for a long time. These changes of price and of form, for works of fiction, helped to increase the direct sales more than they diminished the sales to circulating libraries. They had a profound influence upon the art of writing: they brought pressure upon the fiction-writer to compress his story.

In reading the old three-volume novels men are often struck by the fact that in that sprawly form most of the third volume is padding that keeps the story going long after the fable has ceased to surprise or to hold in suspense. It was said at the time, of course, that these third-volumes did not matter: the books were designed to help mankind through the Victorian week-end, and that Victorian mankind, after the Sunday lunch, would be asleep at the third volume anyhow.

The young men of my time felt powerfully the influence of the time, of which this concision was a symptom. It helped (more than one might think at first) towards a method that could be readily shared with the world. It tended to force a writer to simplicity. It tended towards the plainness of direct speech, the avoidance of description, of discussion of states of mind and soul: even the avoidance of digression and of adjectives.

Just when this material pressure was most felt, we found in the work of the French prose writers of the time the style and the method of our hearts' desires. We sought for their simplicity, their clearness, their justice, their words so few, so fit. The discipline of such imitation was often bitter, for youth when playing with words is often extravagant with them, and loves display.

Someone in founding "The Dictionary of National Biography" had issued a warning to his contributors, "No flowers, by request." This happy phrase went home to us at all times, and helped to condemn many a page of "fine writing" that had made us glow with vanity in the making.

We were trying to write a simple English at a time when the language was being daily increased by words of other or of no tradition. The uses of the United States, of Canada, Aus-

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# *Landscape with Bird*

By John Hall Wheelock

*"I used to think that I didn't like music, but now—now that I've heard him sing—I know that I don't."*
—"Journal of the Countess Growlinska"

A BIRD who has nothing better to do has cried
His one note, over and over, the whole day long—
I wonder if he could vary it if he tried,
Or add just one other note to make it a song?

The note he loves so is certainly all his own,
And he has decided not to give it a rest;
It isn't especially pleasing, and from its tone
I gather that he is feeling rather depressed.

He has no sense of humor, since dawn he has said
The same thing, over and over, in the same way,
As if he wanted to hammer it into my head—
There he goes again, it's been like that all day.

A plague on those whose sense of humor is dim,
Who bludgeon us with a notion and call it song!
There are plenty of birds like mine—why, they copy him—
I know, and I'd rather be President than be wrong.

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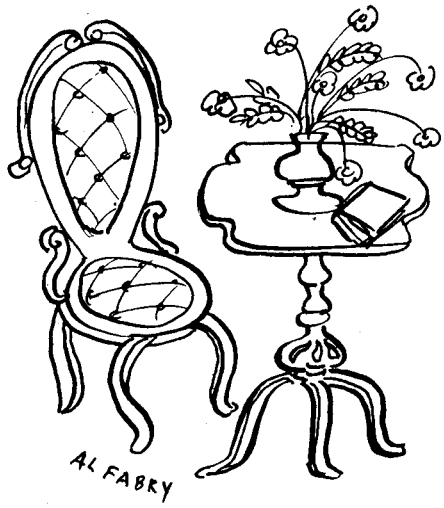
tralia, New Zealand, and South Africa were daily affecting our speech and press. The sciences were daily adding strange words (possibly some hundreds in a year between them). Slang of many kinds, from schools, trades, crafts, and professions, added picturesque and telling words in great numbers; these had their life, and sometimes lasted. The simplest English, the English that was nearest to good conversation, could not neglect these words without becoming slightly touched with affectation, or losing something of life. Still, on the whole the aim of the young men with whom I mixed in early days was to achieve a prose that would have no unnecessary words; that could be read aloud without skipping, that would tell a tale without digression, and describe in such a way that the description, when, indeed, permitted, would be a beauty or a truth remembered. Our purists said that no description should be longer than ten words; anything more would be literature. Man, being but a weak creature, and youth very prone to words, the ten prescribed were often exceeded. It was held by us that the adjective was usually the least studied word in a sentence, and that it should not be used save with the certainty that it gave the real quality to the object meant. We held, also, that the old English uses of prose were often noble, and not to be bettered; that English was still a fine language, with a great tradition, and that it should not be written, as some had seemed to think, as German, as Icelandic, or as French.

IN verse, the young men had ceased to imitate Lord Tennyson, but were in some subjection still to Mr. Swinburne and his inspirer (and ours), D. G. Rossetti. With this admiration for unusual perfections there was a craving for methods somewhat simpler, stronger, and less elegant. In that literary time, when so many of our older poets were reprinted at prices that students could afford, the ancient methods were before us, and perplexed us with an embarrassment of choice. We would have almost nothing from the eighteenth century; we admired the Middle Ages and the Elizabethans. The older poets were without the extravagances (and the power) of the Elizabethans. We felt that the printed book, that had done so much for thought, for the saving and spreading of knowledge, had from the first come between the poet and his public. In the Middle Ages poetry had been listened to; it had been read aloud or sung in a company, it had not been much read in private by individuals. After the printing press had multi-




plied copies, the reader often read alone; and the writer wrote alone, without the living victims to check his extravagance or to condemn his lapse. It may be said that the early theatre audiences delighted in his extravagance and lapses alike: but the effect upon the poetical story was disastrous. The great school of poetical storytellers died out when the printed book came in. Even Shakespeare and Marlowe, with all their power, were not able to tell a story with the directness or flow of much lesser men, such as Hoccleve or Hawes. Even the Elizabethan ballad-story is less well-told than a tale of Robin Hood in an early ballad.

Those with whom I discussed all this owed allegiance to many alluring schools. All young men wished to be Parnassians, Symbolists, Fresh-Airists, Pre-Raphaelites, Impressionists, and Realists at the same time. All were in rebellion against the dominance of Tennyson and felt the need of a method and a language that would delight the thousands then beginning to read and collect books. There may not have been many of these thousands; but there were some thousands who had never before existed, who were finding joy in reading, and for whom the great and varied press of a most literary time provided wonderful solace, new and old. There had been nothing like it before; nothing in the least comparable with it exists today anywhere; for some decades London was an intellectual capital.

THE revolt from Tennyson was shown in two ways, by the reading of Browning, whom nobody imitated, save in parody (nobody took him as a model); and by the imitation of Swinburne, whom few people ever really read. Who had read the "Mary Stuart" trilogy right through? Who knew "Erectheus"? Who could tell what "The Triumph of Time" triumphed over, and how it did it? It was the shorter work that laid us low.

It was the shorter work of Browning that laid us low. His short, poignant, bluff presentations of critical moments and situations, his zest and gust, his knowledge of the Cinquecento were

(*Continued on page* 41)

# *Naked Night*

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

THE moving moon in icy trees made deep
Holes in the night like the hollow of a cup,
He walked on light with nothing but black lace
Of shadows from the trees to hold him up.

It was pleasant going on the snow,
It was exciting walking on thin air;
No matter how fast he moved, he felt
Somehow as though he was not really there.

He could see deep into this world of ice,
His breath was powdered silver in the moon;
Yet he felt what he saw should not be seen,
And he was glad he would be indoors soon.

Years ago a saying went the rounds
That it would bring bad luck to walk on lace.
When he was a boy and a man undressed,
A boy should always turn away his face.

He walked faster, lighter, he did not
Take notice of the white night any more,
He burst into his old familiar dark
And drew his first full breath behind his door.

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# Gentlemen's Relish

*(After rereading "Autolycus in Limbo," E. P. Dutton, N. Y., 1943)*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

I'VE been rereading poems by V. S.
With their delicious tang of mustard-and-cress
And "Gentlemen's Relish" (*patum peperium*)
Which shops don't have, no matter how you query 'em.
To stew this down to a sonnet, I'd be lief,
But, frankly, I've no time to be brief.

Vincenzio! with just less than a laugh
You used to wonder about your epitaph,
And hope, perhaps like Beerbohm's "Enoch Soames,"
To live as footnote in great bibliotomes.
Like all the poets (bless them) that I know
Whose oils and vinegars have pleased me so,
Your golden mind, medallioned in the mint
Of sometimes very much too private print,
Is also varicose with highblue blood.
Let others bake their fashion-pies in mud:
Us, till the zipper jams in the brain-suture,
Let's capitalize the future.
Lionel Johnson had the word, when dead:
*Haud minimus habebitur* the stoic tablet said.

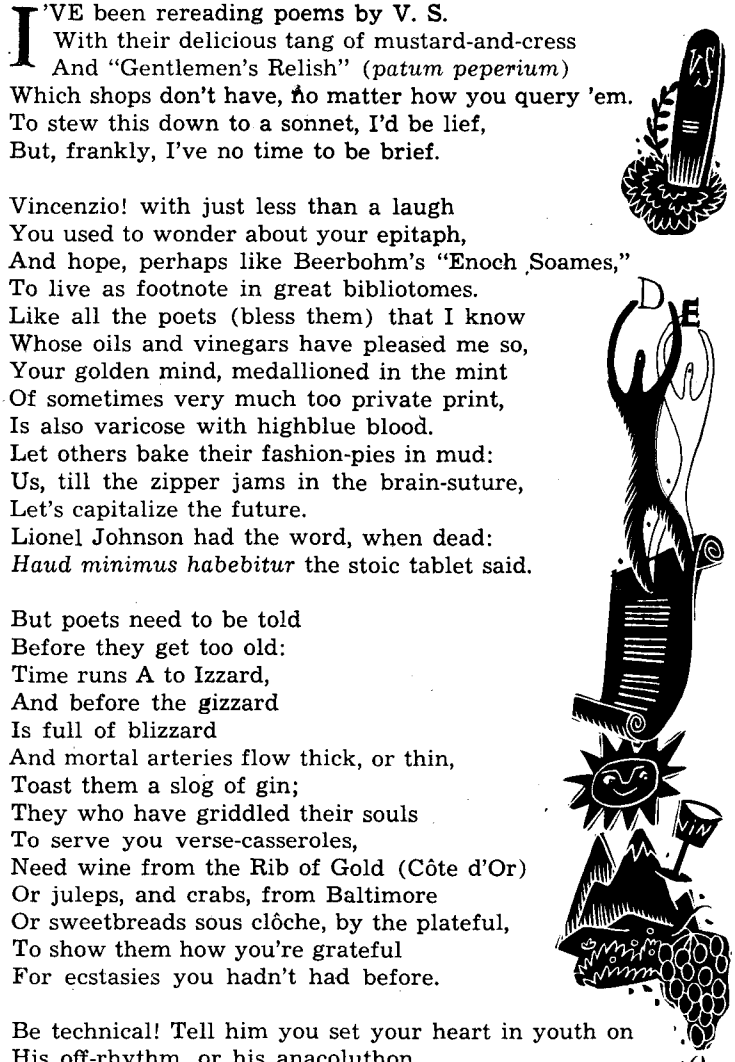
But poets need to be told
Before they get too old:
Time runs A to Izzard,
And before the gizzard
Is full of blizzard
And mortal arteries flow thick, or thin,
Toast them a slog of gin;
They who have griddled their souls
To serve you verse-casseroles,
Need wine from the Rib of Gold (Côte d'Or)
Or juleps, and crabs, from Baltimore
Or sweetbreads sous clôche, by the plateful,
To show them how you're grateful
For ecstasies you hadn't had before.

Be technical! Tell him you set your heart in youth on
His off-rhythm, or his anacoluthon,
His heavy spondee, his iamb, or troche,
All, by Coleridge, were okey-dokey—
Or you think, to be blunt, he is probably best
In the leap and the bound of the swift anapaest
But also suggest
He supplement the concave of his vest
With an additament of antipasto
*In gurgite vasto,*
Then, if he knows the score, he
Will order chicken cacciatore.

Well-and-truly gruntle! Pour something stiff in
The forepeak of your hospitable tiffin,
And tell him then (as if he didn't know it)
The maigritude of some competing poet
Or editor: it was the poet's amphibology
Made him all too subtle for the new anthology.
Such little skillet-fry of crumbs and crappie
Can't make a poet happy.
Twirl on the penpoint, like a tipskate dancer,
You'll get an answer.
Once I wrote a poet how his double-entendre
Had made me ponder:
The frolic mischief of his double meanings
Had married and got meanings of their own—
He wrote (in holograph) that after all desk-cleanings
I was the only critic he'd ever known.

But do it now: before the Angel with the sponge
Makes his all-obliterating plunge;
Do it, in typefounders' caps and serifs,
As the oldtime Oxford kitchen tariffs
Said "Gentlemen's own birds cooked and served":
Yea, stuff, bake, piecrust the elusive bird
And sauce with onion-sage and breaded curd
And relish until trivial taste has swerved.
Do it! Myself, I always told them
Before the afterbell had knolled them,
And saw, in many agonies they wrote,
What the hereafter won't have wit to quote.

Vincenzio! You know as well as I
To you and me, of course, this don't apply:
But just for luck, among our private words,
"Gentlemen's Relish"—"Gentlemen's Own Bird."
Poetry, we've learned, can not be sold,
But poets still have hunger To Be Told:
They coin their livers and their lights in mint
But Zeus Himself can't keep their stuff in print.
Yet, if this were a footnote to their rhythm,
Maybe, some day, it would take us with 'em??

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**Poetry.** *This number of* The Saturday Review *places its accent on the oldest literary form. John Masefield describes the forces that influenced him during his formative years in the article beginning on page 9. Selections of original verse are found throughout the issue, and reviews of recent books are printed below. Among the last, especially notable are Ellsworth Barnard's study of Edwin Arlington Robinson (below), a new collection of the early work of William Carlos Williams (page 14), and a volume of witty verse about suburban life by Phyllis McGinley, "A Short Walk from the Station" (page 14). Readers intrigued by the Battle of the Sexes lately stirred up by Rumer Godden's "Do Women Make Good Poets?" (SR, Jan. 5) and Ashley Montagu's "The Natural Superiority of Women" (Mar. 1.) should enjoy the comments below by Mrs. Fremantle (page 14) and Miss Hay (page 38).*

# *Perspectives on a Poet*

*EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: A Critical Study. By Ellsworth Barnard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 318 pp. $4.75.*

By W. T. Scott

NOW seventeen years after his death Edwin Arlington Robinson's position as poet seems as ambiguous as during much of his life. He was ignored or underestimated by all but the comparative few until he was nearly fifty. There followed a general acknowledgment of his greatness. This degenerated into taking him for granted. And I am afraid that semi-indifference has been aggravated during the ensuing years by increasing ignorance of his work.

Well, this kind of temporary twilight has been the lot of even better poets than Robinson—there are not many—and it may be that tomorrow or the next day unexpected, inevitable revival will begin. It seems to me likely that among American poets only Emily Dickinson rivals Robinson in depth, and she was nowhere near so sustained, and that only Whitman at his best can surpass him in lyric range. And when we generally begin to perceive, what has been long the fact, that Robinson is one of the fixed large stars of American poetry, such a study as Mr. Barnard's must be accredited as of assistance.

Aside from biography, reminiscence, and special articles in learned journals, there have been few such studies since Robinson's death. These include the brief but important report by Esther Willard Bates on "Robinson and His Manuscripts," Emery Neff's book, which is really more biographical than critical treatise, and Yvor Winters's book, a stimulating essay which suffers from being strictly cut in Mr. Winters's image. Mr. Barnard's is by far the lengthiest, closest reading of Robinson yet published. One can say almost everything for it except to call it first-rate; and for that the book would need not only the detailed patience which it has but, as well, a more than competent style and a sharper selectivity of critical judgment.

Robinson's basic ideas were simple, few, and steadfast: the world is for most a harsh place; its standards being materialistic, those persons who fail are the most interesting; and, by the same spiritual standard, there must be some existence beyond the human—otherwise the human existence, per se, would be meaningless.

Edwin Arlington Robinson—"lyric range."

I put this too briefly, of course; but Mr. Barnard's book errs in the other direction. His vast chapters on what Robinson had to say will not be revelatory to those intimate with Robinson's poetry and will, I fear, prove too exhaustive to serve as introduction. One admires the thoroughness but regrets an over-persistence. It is above all here that one wishes for that keener discrimination which would remove those barriers Mr. Barnard would like to remove between Robinson and future readers; a discrimination that would have X-rayed the forbidding bulk of the 1,500-page 'Collected Poems" to show which are indeed its masterpieces. There is, in short, a timidity of opinion.

Mr. Barnard's more concise analysis of Robinson's style is intelligent but falls into a familiar error in assessing technical skill. He forgets that there is no way of discovering what was deliberate with the poet and what was "luck"; that is, the instinctive ear of a true poet performs things which merely happen; analysis by the critic confirms them, but the act of criticism differs so from that of creation that we do not really say what the poet did. The critic charts instinct, the poet does not. Which is not at all to say a poet is not a craftsman; only that his consciousness of his music while he makes it is usually unprovable and almost always to be doubted.

Still, there is much to Mr. Barnard's credit. The thoroughness is real in every sense. He knows all his sources, and he has used them. He has examined the "almost exclusive concern with inward experience rather than with outward actions, with psychic rather than with physical conflict" which characterizes Robinson's poetry early and late, lyric and dramatic. He illustrates Robinson's anti-materialism well, and he shows ably how Robinson, an individualist, created characters in a relevant spirit of self-determination. He shows how much of affirmation, reconciliation, and redemption there was in Robinson's work, and how much—though it flicked through Yankee understatement—of humor; how Robinson was quite justified in the remark that he was "the damnedest optimist." He perceives a warmth in Robinson, because there was a passionate care, not often appreciated. He has reported on the last half-dozen long poems with unmatched attention. He has altogether performed a labor of love, flawed, as such labors often are; but when the definitive perspective on Robinson is attained, Mr. Barnard's book should be far from the least of those that patiently, honorably helped.

*W. T. Scott, former book review editor of the* Providence Journal, *is author of "Mr. Whittier and Other Poems."*

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# Candor & Science

*THE COLLECTED EARLIER POEMS. By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions.* 482 *pp.* $5.

By I. L. Salomon

TO increase the prestige of William Carlos Williams, the winner of the National Book Award for Poetry (1950), his publishers have issued this collection of his earlier poems. It is a good thing they have done so, for in this book the work of thirty-three years stands exposed, revealing the importance of Dr. Williams as a poet even had he never written a line after 1939.

The essentiality of Dr. Williams lies in his approach to the poem, his union of idea and form, and his unceremonious insistence that the things seen spring alive imaginatively by the proper distillation of emotion into words. He has gathered sustenance from the arts, from music and painting, as well as from his environment, yet not solely from Rutherford, New Jersey, where he is a practising pediatrician. He brings to his poetry the candor of his science, and his themes are concerned with people and their customs in America in the large, and with the flora in the microcosm of the locality he lives in. He is constantly breaking the principles of his esthetic canons. A good old-fashioned romanticist in his earliest work, he becomes an anti-poetic primitive. An imagist with H. D. and Ezra Pound, he becomes an objectivist, the spare line and primary color being essential to his delineation of objects. In fine, the various sections contain enough first-rate work to prove he is a poet who has never stopped growing. That is his virtue, his prime distinction.

If the influence is drawn that Dr. Williams has preserved too much of his early work, the charge cannot be wholly denied. Yet in this book of approximately three hundred poems, there are at least fifty that will appeal to the modern reader. His best poems are the crystallization of his principles of writing, change as these did. His lyrics in one of the earliest sections, "The Tempers," are among the finest that have appeared in our generation. They are cast in the traditional mold, yet note how the form, suggesting a variant idea of Matthew Arnold, does not impede the movement of the verse in this song from "The Birth of Venus":

Come with us and play!
See, we have breasts as women!
From your tents by the sea
Come play with us: it is forbidden!

and how seventeenth century is this example from "The Fool's Song":

I tried to put a bird in a cage
O fool that I am!
For the bird was Truth.
Sing merrily, Truth: I tried to put
Truth in a cage!

In "Al Que Quiere" (To Him Who Wants It) Dr. Williams forsakes rhyme and again shows his mastery in a lyric, "Spring Song," that has the metaphysical quality of Donne:

there is something
temptingly foreign
some subtle difference,
one last amour

to be divided for
our death-necklaces, when
I would merely lie
hand in hand in the dirt with you.

To Dr. Williams form is all, whether it is measured in traditional rhythm and rhyme or bears its own cadence in free verse. There is a sardonic bitterness that shows his large humanity in "Impromptu: The Suckers," a poet's savage reaction to the Sacco-Vanzetti miscarriage of justice. There is a satirical and acidulous quality in "Tract," a poem that tears the sham of indecency that surrounds modern-day funerals, a poem that restores man to dignity in burial.

# Purrs of Normality

*A SHORT WALK FROM THE STATION. By Phyllis McGinley. New York: Viking Press.* 175 *pp.* $2.75.

By Anne Fremantle

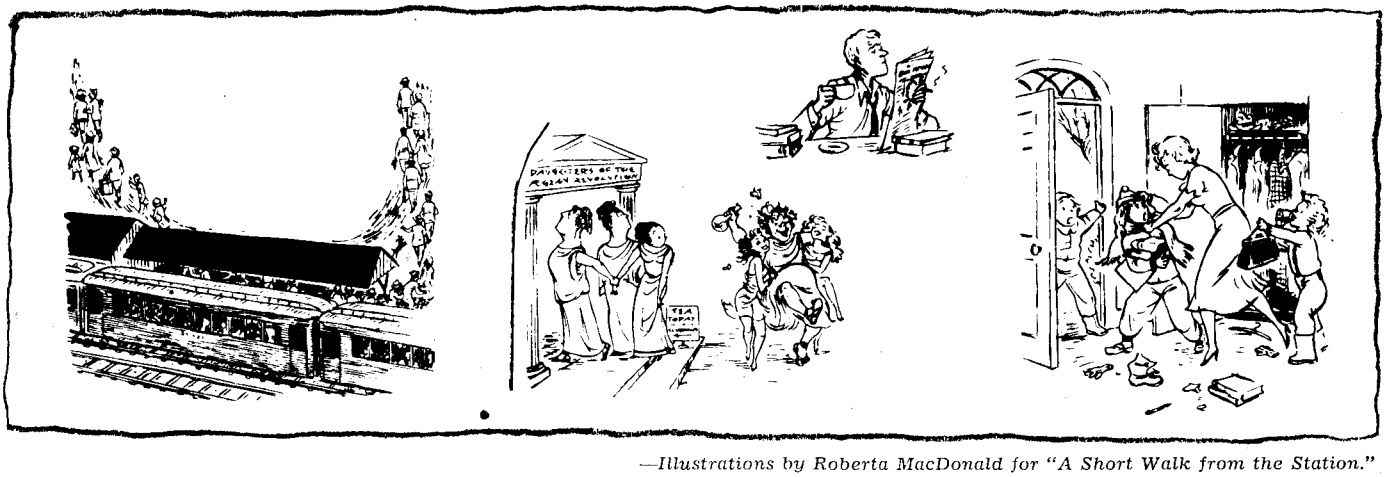
WOMEN, alas, are rarely geniuses. In all recorded history there are only a handful: all the others are also-rans. Because, always, there was the housework or the running of the house; there were often children to bear, oftener to bear with; and always, most of all, there was, and is, and ever will be, the inner certainty, implicit in heredity as in environment, that Milton was inspired, and was stating an eternal verity when he wrote: he for God only, she for God in him.

Moon-like, moon-lit, woman has sung, as Sappho did, or has painted, as Marie Laurencin does, admirably—for a woman. But when she overreaches herself, the failure is more than dismal: it is in fact, nearly always, grotesque. George Eliot was good in "Adam Bede," very good in "Middlemarch"; she was absurd in "Felix Holt" or "Daniel Deronda." "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" or Emily Brontë's mystical verse are magnificent, but they are not the war: nor of Troy, nor of "From Here to Eternity." It is not possible to compare anything any woman has ever written with "Hamlet" or "Faust" or "War and Peace" or "Remembrance of Things Past."

And, curiously, it is only women who hug their harness, who are reconciled to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, who truly succeed.

Phyllis McGinley fairly purrs her normality through all her pages: In verse or in prose she is content: she loves her life, and really enjoys being feminine, even being female, and she is both, exquisitely. Her verse is not only light, it is also lively, intelligent,

(*Continued on page* 37)



—*Illustrations by Roberta MacDonald for "A Short Walk from the Station."*

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# *The Further Adventures of Little Willie*

DOROTHY RICKARD

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Eight years ago Dorothy Rickard's article "Do You Remember Little Willie?" let loose an avalanche of letters to* The Saturday Review *recounting many additional adventures of this wily brat. Some of the correspondence was printed; most of it was forwarded to the author.* SR *has asked Mrs. Rickard to report on the subsequent developments of the Little Willie saga as it has burgeoned during the intervening years.*

"DO You Remember Little Willie?" concerned the life and lively times of that literary character who committed patricide as off-handedly as:

Willie poisoned father's tea.
Father died in agony.
Mother looked extremely vexed.
"Really Will," she said, "what next?"

The reader response to this unassuming little feature, tucked into the back of the issue, was tremendous. Subscribers, writing to the LETTERS TO THE EDITOR department, submitted enough Little Willies for at least three additional articles.

Among them came:

Little Willie on the track
Heard the engine squeal.
Now the engine's coming back
Scraping Willie off the wheel.

A man from Halifax, Nova Scotia, contributed:

Willie poured some scalding water
Down the neck of a neighbor's daughter.
His mother thought this rather crude,
And said, "Willie, don't be rude."

And a man from Syracuse, New York, lifted this from Franklyn P. Adams's "Conning Tower" in the old *New York World* to send along:

Little Willie wrote a book.
Woman was the theme he took.
Woman was his only text.
Ain't he cute? He's over-sexed.

This was an Adams-ization of an original Little Willie verse that went:

Willie saw a buzz-saw buzz
Like a bike and thought it was.
Now his corpse is full of nicks—
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

The Willie contributions continued through several issues of *The Saturday Review* and, in the final copy to carry the verses, Will finally attained the pearly gates:

Little Willie
Pair of skates
Hole in ice
Golden gates.

Mail from the huge following of Little Willie-ites, who had sprung from the earth, confronted the editor with the possibility of having "to move out [of his office] to make room for the correspondence." And the effect of Little Willie upon the waiting world was still further reaching.

One of the pocket-sized, reprint magazines asked and received permission to run the article. Little Willie's appearance in *SR* had its effect on the newspapers, too, many of them publishing editorials on him.

Among them was one in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* referring to the flurry among bibliophiles Will had created, and concluding with this:

Little Willie's neighbors said
They would rather he were dead.
So, with whiskey as a lure,
They caught and drowned him in the sewer.
(Though this rhyme seems worse than silly,
It's a fitting end to Little Willie.)

A period of quiescence followed the small hurricane created by William. But five years later the lovers of innocent merriment had another field day with the publication in *Pageant* of another Little Willie feature. It, too, brought its results.

A none-too-Puritan father from Boston, Mass., wrote:

Little Willie, mad as hell,
Threw his sister down the well.
Mother said, when drawing water,
"It's so hard to raise a daughter."

A Reno, Nevada, lawyer wrote saying that he had been the editor of the Stanford *Chaparrel* when the original Little Willie epidemic had broken out among college humor magazines after the turn of the century. He enclosed the following:

Little Willie drove his airplane
High into a fleecy cloud,
There six cylinders exploded—
Gently dropped him in the crowd.

Mother said, while watching, waiting,
With a very knowing frown,
"In everything poor Willie's tackled,
He has always fallen down."

The raft of mail which poured in on the *Pageant* editor's desk convinced him that a second Little Willie article would be in order. It appeared in the October 1950 issue of that magazine. In the meantime still another piece on Little Willie came to light in *MacLean's* and was soon collecting Little Willies from our Canadian cousins. Among them came this one:

Little Willie, in a fit insane,
Thrust his head beneath a train.
We were all surprised to find
How it broadened Willie's mind.

There is an indefinable something about Little Willie that has always made people want to write about him. That's how he got his start. That's why May Lamberton Becker, after asking a single, simple question about him in her "Reader's Guide" column in the *New York Herald Tribune* Book Review section, received a mail response that outnumbered anything the column had run in a long time.

That's why I have always been delighted with every new letter regarding him—even though today, with seventy different Little Willie verses swelling my collection, and many of them in several forms, some of my incoming Willie mail duplicates poems I already have. But whether it's a different version of a familiar Little Willie, or an entirely new verse, for me it means another adventure with Little Willie.

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**Politics.** *If, as is often asserted, the true spirit of any age is reflected in its political activity, the thoughtful man who ponders the volumes reviewed below must take a dim view of the twentieth century. In Massimo Salvadori's "The Rise of Modern Communism" (page 17) he will meet a force that masquerades as an idealistic faith abroad, but in its homeland is a raw lust for power. In the Landmans' "Profile for Red China" (page 18) and in Major General Charles A. Willoughby's "Shanghai Conspiracy" (page 19) he will discover how Communism exhibits a smiling, deceitful face in Asia. In Walter Arm's "Pay Off!" and Turkus's and Feder's "Murder, Inc." (page 47) he will encounter corruption in American municipalities, and in Blair Bolles's "How to Get Rich in Washington" (page 44) he will meet it on the national level. Something of an antidote to this gloom is provided by Norman Angell, who in "After All" (below) tells of his valiant lifetime of work for peace.*

# *For a Peace of Understanding*

*AFTER ALL: The Autobiography of Sir Norman Angell. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young.* 370 *pp.* $4.50.

By Alvin Johnson

NORMAN ANGELL has written some forty books. They are without exception good books, devoted to real issues and in their aggregate covering well the wide range of serious present-day problems. They are written attractively, carefully and fairly reasoned. Yet there is not one of them, except "The Great Illusion," which launched Norman Angellism upon the world, that is so interesting and illuminating as this autobiography, "After All."

With the person Norman Angell the autobiographer is mildly and modestly sympathetic. There is a charming account of an extremely precocious boyhood, burdened with the colossal woes of the world, inspired by John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty." That essay served Norman Angell as an ultra-sacred book. On our first meeting forty years ago Norman Angell quoted Mill so insistently I was driven to reread the essay. I have ever since associated Mill and Angell as the two most honest, bravest, wisest thinkers of the whole English-speaking world. In their infinite humanity, in their devotion to honest reason, Mill and Angell are father and son. But Angell became a movement. He wrapped the Great Illusion around his slender body and issued upon the world the most powerful movement for international peace and understanding of our time.

A peace movement had existed in the world since Henri Quatre of France. It was always part of the essence of Quakerism. There were peace societies in every country exposing the horrors and immoralities of war, to the intense amusement of the god Mars and his infinite number of disciples. But around the turn of the century more solid and cynical men began to concern themselves with the problem of war in our technological and financial age. Jean de Bloch, an irreproachably practical Russian banker, published in 1898 a huge work on "The Future of War" that impressed the Czar to call the first Hague Conference on the problems of war and peace. An Interparliamentary Union with meetings at Lake Mohonk undertook to develop understandings among governments. Andrew Carnegie set up an Endowment for International Peace. But all these mighty movements were thrown into the shade by a slender pamphlet, "Europe's Optical Illusion," by an unknown journalist, a member of the staff of the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*, Norman Angell. At first no publisher would look at the essay. Norman Angell had to print it at his own expense, for distribution among reviewers and figures of prominence. For months nothing happened. Then one man after another read it, talked about it, wrote about it, and within three years the essay, enlarged and rechristened "The Great Illusion," had been translated into twenty languages.

This autobiography is essentially an account of the fortunes of Norman Angellism. It is an invaluable document in the history of our times. One is presented with a magnificent array of the statesmen, the scholars, the journalists who participated in the movement. For a time it looked to us who studied the mushrooming of Norman Angellism that there might be at least a possibility that the war clouds that had been gathering for a decade might be pierced by the light of Norman Angell's reason. The Sarajevo assassination abolished such dreams.

Norman Angell was beaten, not crushed. Like the merchant of Horace who has seen his ship wrecked and at first thinks he will retire to a farm:

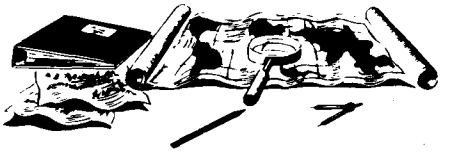
"Mox reficit rates.
Indocilis pauperiem pati."

He threw himself into the work of defining the terms of peace, that the seeds of another war might not be sown in the settlement. He fell in behind Wilson and the world safe for democracy, but was terribly worried over the character of Wilson and his school-masterly disposition to dictate to the masses, not to take them for what they are worth and lead them.

For a man of Norman Angell's prescience and earnestness Versailles was all but a Waterloo. But he could not mope in defeat. He thought he saw in British Labor at least a faint hope of intelligence in international relations. He joined the Socialist Party, only to find it more infiltrated with the semi-Marxian idea that capitalism was the generator of war; that there could never be peace except under world-wide Socialism. He had to endure the coquetting of Socialism with the oriental tyranny of Sovietism, the total repudiation of reason in civic and in international relations, for the benefit of a party line. He had to stand by while a befuddled government tried to appease Hitlerism, and he had to see a more terrible world war devastating mankind.

Yet he fought on, for a peace of understanding. Often he was discouraged by the popular misapprehension that he had tried to prove that war was impossible. What he had tried to prove was that it was imminent unless we the people took thought. We failed to take thought and charge it against Norman Angell.

He thinks he failed. I hope these words of mine can reach him, in his octogenarian retirement. Norman Angell: Your soul goes marching on. There are millions who learned from you: we can still make a cosmos out of this chaos, by taking thought.



*Alvin Johnson, former director of the New School for Social Research, New York City, is the author of "Deliver Us from Dogma" and other books.*

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# Meeting a World Challenge

*THE RISE OF MODERN COMMUNISM. By Massimo Salvadori. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 188 pp. $2.*

By Louis Fischer

MASSIMO Salvadori was born in London and studied in Switzerland and Italy. He was a British paratrooper in the Second World War. Now the young professor teaches in two girls' colleges in New England. I imagine—I do not know—that this little book of about 38,000 words began as an attempt to explain to his curious students how it happened that Communism, which only a century ago was an idea in the heads of several hundred persons, now rules seven hundred and fifty million people and challenges all the others on the planet.

Baffled by this remarkable phenomenon, Mr. Salvadori and Norman Thomas, who wrote the introduction, and others like Whittaker Chambers, who had nothing to do with this book, conclude that Communism is "a faith." "Communism," says Mr. Thomas, "is a secular religion." "But materialism among Communists," Salvadori asserts, "has not led to cynicism; it has strengthened them as only a religious faith could have done."

I think the gentlemen have fallen into a serious error. They failed to distinguish between Communists who live under Communist domination and Communists who live in democratic countries. Every aspect of Soviet existence is evidence of deep cynicism and lack of faith. Stalin fears his people; hence the dictatorship. Faith and religion have their inner compulsions; they need no secret police. If the intellectuals and officials of the Soviet empire act out of religious fervor, why the pre-censorship of every word written or spoken, why the Iron Curtain to prevent their contamination by contact with infidels, why the constant purges? If the Soviet people had faith in Communism they would be permitted to come out and convince us, and we would be permitted to enter Russia to undergo conversion. There was faith at the time of the 1917 revolution. Then the terror was not applied to Communists. Now it is. That is a measure of the withering away of religious conviction. Those who read Soviet newspapers, periodicals, and literature find no trace of faith inside Soviet Russia or her satellites.

Abroad, however, Communism has attracted some of those who need a faith or a Messiah. Moscow, which does not practise Communism, Socialism, or Marxism, and therefore inspires no Communist faith at home, nevertheless exports Communist missionaries to the "heathen" who, out of ignorance and their own spiritual emptiness, assume Soviet fulfillment of the creed.

With this highly important exception, Mr. Salvadori shows a firm grasp of political realities. His analysis of Stalin's gradual digestion of the satellites, of Moscow's relations with Finland, as well as of developments in China cuts through numerous misleading superficialities to the heart of the matter. The author believes that "the policy of a government depends on the political institutions within which it operates. A dictatorship acts like a dictatorship. . . ." This is certainly true in China and everywhere. Only the same dictatorship is not always the same kind of dictatorship. The Soviet dictatorship first operated within the economic mold of capitalism; now it is a feudal society. That necessarily altered political forms and methods, and made the Soviet system increasingly repressive and totalitarian. Mr. Salvadori contends, with much logic, that such a dictatorship cannot relax. "There are very few instances of dictatorships ending of their own will." Yet he concedes that "what is unlikely in the immediate future may not be an impossibility in the long run." Conceivably, he says, some coming battle for the succession might involve so much force as to be tantamount to civil war.

—*Lida Moser.*

Massimo Salvadori—"sure political touch."

Meanwhile, according to the author, the non-Soviet world should be mending its own fences, especially in the economically retarded countries.

Mr. Salvadori's students and the colleges that employ him deserve congratulations. He has a sure political touch and much knowledge. Even his two-dimensional, compressed review of the birth and antecedents of movements against capitalist liberalism in the nineteenth and this century contains valuable insights into the major problem of our time. Though he judges Soviet Russia by secondary sources, not always the best, he understands Stalinism. He opposes it, but without invective or alarm. He errs occasionally in assessing the relations between Kremlin and people; he assumes, for instance, that the citizens of a dictatorship "will believe whatever they are told. . . ." If this were so, Soviet domestic propaganda would look very different.

I found the book interesting; it reads well and easily. It is an excellent introduction to the study of the Communist problem.

*Louis Fischer is the author of "The Soviets in World Affairs," "The Life of Mahatma Gandhi," and a forthcoming book, "The Life and Death of Stalin."*

# Sudden Storm

**By Elizabeth Coatsworth**

WHEN the rain came which we had seen
letting down its black hair at the windowed horizon,
it was not rain after all, but hail, white hail
which fell on the green grass and hopped like little frogs;
the east wall drummed at the unexpected touch.
Oh, the fortitude of the robin on her nest in the unprotected crotch of the pear tree!
When at last the sun came out, the wet edges of the apple leaves winked red,
the hayfield ran emerald down to a pond black as ink
spilled upon paper; the clouds above it
were black too and filled with the rumble of thunder.
Again and again we flung open the front door,
looking for a rainbow, but only the sweet cold air
rewarded our eagerness, only the bobolink
sang as he flew, the rain drops shaking from wet wings.

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# *Promise or Threat to World*

*PROFILE OF RED CHINA. By Lynn and Amos Landman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 245 pp. $3.*

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

THIS book has appeared two years too late. It belongs essentially to the immediate postwar period when the majority of books about the Celestial Kingdom were written by "optimistic" Americans mired in the wartime hope that non-Communists and Soviet Communists could in some manner collaborate for the greater good of the human race—provided, of course, that we non-Communists were prepared to "understand" Communist motives.

Back in 1941, when I was dragged off by Vincent Sheean to spend the evening with Chou En-Lai, Red China's chief propaganda agent in the Nationalist camp, Chungking was full of bright Americans who, dispirited by the Gimo's "lack of social sense," were nibbling furiously at the Communist bait.

Lynn and Amos Landman are, I fear, out of luck. Today most Americans, having had their indigestion, are aware that Communism is poisonous. This certainly does not mean that there is no place for objective reporting of Communist societies. There is, indeed, a definite need for such information about our enemies—the more the better. Unfortunately, as I read it, "Profile of Red China" combines a little objective reporting of fact with what I believe to be a misleading thesis.

This is that, by recognizing the "legitimate desire" of one billion Asians for "change" and "freedom," and by being nice to Red China (and doubtless to any other Communist regimes that the Kremlin may succeed in installing in Korea, Burma, or other points east), the West can "win one million friends." I believe that this is the exact antithesis of the truth.

The Landman pair saw Red China at its debut. At that time, contrasted with the distinctly decadent and collapsing Kuomintang regime, the new Communist order could seem not without attraction.

That, however, is a stale Communist trick—attracting support by feigning decency until such time as the claws have sunk deep enough to paralyze the victim. Had the Landmans remained in China a little longer, they would have found themselves in the midst of what is obviously the third greatest modern slaughter, outclassed (so far!) only by Stalin's extirpation of Russia's Kulaks and Hitler's murder of Europe's Jews.

I wonder what they would have said about this massacre. Certainly, in considering the earlier period, the general question of pro-Communism by innuendo is worth raising.

Pro-Communism by innuendo goes like this:

You start with a few facts which honest people are ready to acknowledge. Talk about the defects and misfortunes of National China's Chiang Kai-shek. Say that at the end of World War II Chiang's regime was badly shattered and ruling inefficiently; that masses of Chinese fence-sitters and tired merchants left him for the Communists; that his troops deserted, giving the Communists stocks of American arms. Dwell on the culture and humanitarian quality of Communist soldiers (contrasted with Chiang's ignorant brutes). Say nothing of their determination to extirpate Confucianism, the basis of China's ancient civilization.

Then proceed by indirection. Always refer to Chiang as "inefficient and corrupt." The same for America's other allies, Quirino of the Philippines, Syngman Rhee of Korea, etc. Sneer or impugn the motives of Chinese who resist Communism. They exist, of course, but they are "poorly armed." It would be dangerous to exaggerate their importance. News of them comes exclusively from Nationalist liars on Formosa. Ignore the reports of hundreds of thousands of armed guerrillas opposing Communism and the opinions of Americans who make it their business to know. Issue warnings that Asian Communism is too strong to be overthrown or replaced.

Never say openly that you are happy that the enemies of the United States have taken possession of a once allied country. Instead, hold out the hope that Red China may still become "friendly" if it is allowed to carry out its legitimate task of liberating Asia (as in Korea, etc.).

Prove that Mao's Government is a real "coalition" with non-Communists by quoting some non-Communist Chinese who says so. (But do not mention the wise and admirable Hu Shi.) Trace Communism to "China's history," never mind the fact that the Chinese are anti-collectivist individualists. Emphasize the "wicked landlords" and "crushing taxes." Do not quote John Lossing Buck (who really knew) to the effect that China *was* overwhelmingly a land of small farms or, worse, that the victorious Communists are now collecting even higher taxes.

When you want to indulge in real propaganda, do not say Communism is *good*. Say it *seems* or that *there is reason to believe* or that *perhaps* it is good, or that "many Asians *are inclined* to believe," etc. Then if challenged you can always plead objectivity. Say, too, that Chinese Communists (called Asians for the purpose) view their aggression not as aggression but as *"a struggle between a decent way of life and misery."*

Finally, spice your hidden praise of your favorites with veiled threats. Say that "limited" measures won't work against them—thus scaring Americans who obviously want to avoid a major war.

Do all these things and you will be in the camp with Lynn and Amos Landman. Perhaps these two young Americans did not set out consciously to further Mao Tse-tung's bloody cause. The effect is certainly to weaken the cause of freedom.

It is always possible to argue in favor of slave-owning on the ground that General Lee was a nicer man than General Grant. It misses the point. This point—as I see it—our authors have unconsciously underlined. Red China, they write, "holds a promise or a threat for the entire world." Quite so. At long last the American people have seen the point and, in Korea, are acting accordingly.

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*Edgar Ansel Mowrer has been covering the foreign scene for American newspapers since World War I. His most recent book is "Challenge and Decision," a program for America.*

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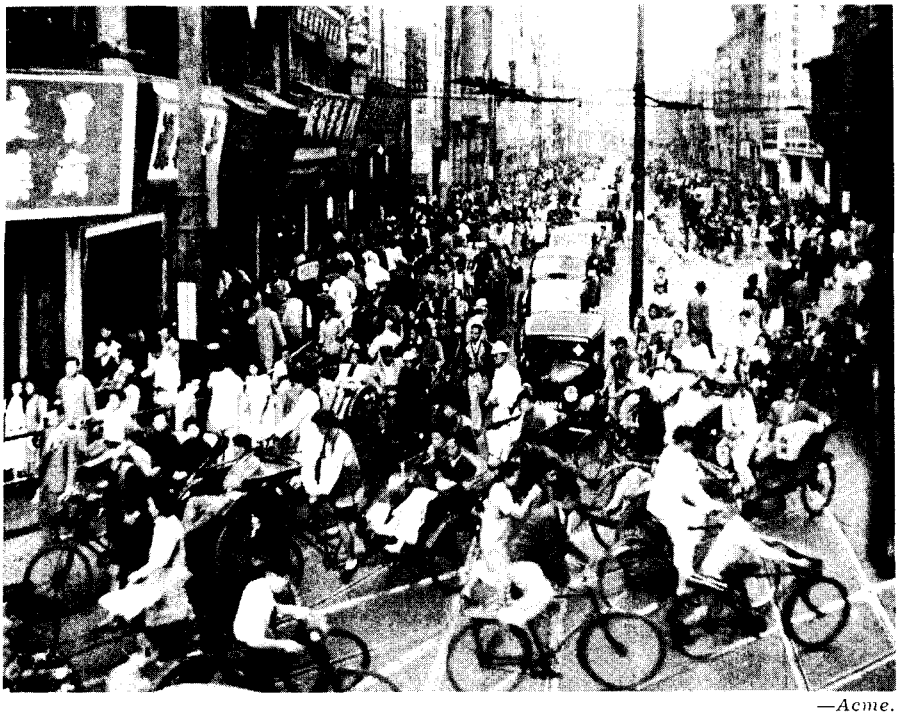

—Acme.

Shanghai during scare buying—"hodge-podge of documents and unproven allegations."

# *Espionage in the Far East*

*SHANGHAI CONSPIRACY. By Major General Charles A. Willoughby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 315 pp. $3.75.*

By Leo Lania

THIS exposé of Communist espionage in the Far East by General MacArthur's Chief of Intelligence is a curious hodge-podge of documents and unproven allegations, of polemics and memoranda on the lurid exploits of Soviet agents in Shanghai and Tokyo. The result is a rather poorly organized book; it is neither the exciting spy-thriller an experienced writer could have fashioned out of this material, nor the cool and penetrating analysis of a global problem one would expect from a high Intelligence officer.

The main part of the book deals with Richard Sorge, "Soviet master spy." Posing as a Nazi and closely connected with the German Embassy in Tokyo, he was the leader of an espionage group under the orders of the Fourth Bureau of the Red Army. He was caught and executed in 1944. A brilliant journalist, at once a cynic and a fanatical believer in Communism, Sorge was undoubtedly an interesting character. One would like to read a study of his life, his milieu, his psychological and ideological make-up. But what we get here is largely a transcript of the findings and records of the Japanese police. There is in addition Sorge's "own story," written in a Tokyo prison. These memoirs describe factually his work, associations, and relationship with his higher-ups in Moscow. They lack, however, a personal touch, an open window into Sorge's heart or mind. His personality does not come to life in these pages.

Yet, the story of Sorge is only an introduction to General Willoughby's principal theme. From Tokyo he shifts his narrative to Shanghai and presents us with a summary of Communist agents, couriers, and organizations which during the Thirties operated in China. To prove that this "Shanghai conspiracy" was "a contributory and even decisive factor in the Oriental disaster" is the main purpose of the book. The proof is as little convincing as the final conclusion that "the thefts of our atom secrets . . . were made possible by a naive tolerance of Communists and their front organizations, of the saccharine vagaries of fellow travelers and prostituted liberals." Greenglass and Rosenberg and Fuchs succeeded in their nefarious work, not because the American authorities were willing to overlook their Communist affilations, but because they were not suspected of being Communists. Besides, his own report refutes the General's thesis. The "master-spy" could and did operate successfully in prewar Japan, a country which certainly was not "soft on Communism." He even obtained the involuntary help of Nazi officials, who were unsurpassed masters in the art of liquidating not only Communists and fellow travelers but *all* liberals.

The material the General presents is not new or startling. He dwells in detail, as if he had uncovered some unheard mystery, on the secrecy with which Sorge operated, the false passports, the clandestine meetings. Espionage is not a Soviet invention. "Probably never in history has there been a ring more bold or more successful." Has the General never heard of Colonel Redl, who prior to World War I, as chief of counterespionage on the Imperial Austro-Hungarian general staff, sold to Russia the mobilization order of the Monarchy and the plans of Austria's most important fortresses? And what about the exploits of British and German spies in World War II? History is full of amazing spy cases, many of them more dramatic and ingenious than this one. By presenting Soviet agents as supermen one merely perpetuates the Stalin myth of Communist invincibility.

A writer for pulp magazines bent on telling a sensational story may be excused for exaggerations and inaccuracies—in an Intelligence report that pretends to be a semi-official document one has the right to expect less heat and more light. There are even outright errors of fact: the Czechoslovakian journalist Egon Erwin Kisch is listed as Edmond Egon Kisch. The General finds it "pertinent to note that Richard Sorge (as well as Mrs. Smedley) used an assignment as a *Frankfurter Zeitung* correspondent to cover his espionage activities." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* is called "the official organ of the German Social Democratic Party." Every high-school student in Europe knows that the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was one of the oldest and most respected newspapers of Germany, independent, democratic, and anti-Socialist. It was referred to as the German "New York Times." To call it an organ—even an official one!—of the Social Democrats is like listing *The Wall Street Journal* as an official organ of the American Federation of Labor.

In the light of such errors and distortions it is not surprising that General Willoughby's accusations against Agnes Smedley and Guenther Stein,

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whom he also denounces as spies, were regarded by American and British authorities as poorly substantiated.

The General describes how "shocked and incredulous" MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo were as they became "aware of what amounted to a virtual repudiation of the Sorge Spy Report by the very Washington authorities who had so eagerly negotiated for its release throughout an entire year." The General implies here were sinister motives behind the withdrawal of his report. Thus, the Shanghai conspiracy leads to a Washington conspiracy. But there is nothing equivocal in the statement by Colonel Eyster, the Army's public relations officer: "The Division has no proof to back up the spy charges [against Smedley]. The report was based on information from the Japanese police. While there may be evidence in existence to substantiate the allegations, it is not in our hands . . . It is not the Government's policy to tar and feather people unless it has proof."

General Willoughby is not hampered by such considerations. He reduces the difficult problem of how to unmask, combat, and conquer Communism to a simple formula: Anyone who disagrees with him or—even worse—doubts MacArthur's infallibility is at best a Communist stooge. He points out that a magazine, *Far East Spotlight*, that has prominent Communists on its editorial board, quoted many British papers that attacked MacArthur's strategy or policy. These papers were: *Sunday Observer*, the Liberal Party's *London Star*, the Labor Party's *Daily Herald*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the London *Daily Mirror*. And the General concludes: "The . . . extracts . . . show . . . how effectively the Communist Party used statements by well-meaning dupes." Since even Viscount Astor's paper is here listed as a dupe of the Reds it is surprising not to see Churchill included in that category.

If one should judge the performance of MacArthur's Intelligence Service during the Korean War by the confused thinking and the political naivete of General Willoughby as exemplified in this book, one may give credence to the host of columnists and war correspondents who blamed Intelligence for the failure of evaluating properly and in time the intentions of the Chinese.

Of course, spies, traitors, and Communist conspirators must be relentlessly persecuted and rendered in-

(*Continued on page 44*)

**Fiction.** *In recent weeks we have spotlighted the maiden efforts of novelists of exceptional promise; this week it is time to consider the cases of some with several books to their credit. For two volumes of fiction Paul Bowles has been acknowledged an artist of extraordinary power although many critics were repelled by his themes; the verdict is likely to remain unchanged by "Let It Come Down"* (*page* 21). *For such novels as "The Prevalence of Witches" and "The Stumbling Stone" Aubrey Menen has been called a master of the grand manner in modern settings; our critic finds himself in the dissenting minority in appraising "The Duke of Gallodoro"* (*page* 21). *Jon Cleary, an Australian writer with some of the qualities of H. L. Davis, won a small following with "You Can't See Around Corners"; he is likely to enlarge it with an even better book, "The Sundowners"* (*page* 20). *"The Works of Love"* (*page* 33) *shows another veteran, Wright Morris, again in fine form.*

# *Herding Sheep Down Under*

*THE SUNDOWNERS. By Jon Cleary. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 290 pp. $3.*

By Edmund Fuller

TAKING Mr. Cleary's novel at its best, it has some of the qualities of H. L. Davis's current "The Winds of Morning." In fact, the likening of Cleary to Davis is a convenient measure of both the strength and weakness of the Australian novelist. The opening and the closing of "The Sundowners" are weak—I will offer a bill of particulars in a moment. But the bulk of the book lying between is fine, true, and moving. I wish the novel were all middle with no beginning and end.

These excellent portions are the simple chronicle of the adventures of Paddy and Ida Carmody, their teenage son, Sean, and the aging remittance man, Rupe Venneker. We go with these four on a long sheep-driving trek across a drought-stricken region of Australia, and after that we follow them through the fascinating feats of a sheep-shearing gang, where a great many other characters, unfailingly well drawn, join the scene.

It is in the range of these experiences that favorable comparison with H. L. Davis is in order. Cleary brings to his work the same earthy, vivid reality of character; the same authentic mastery of the minutiae of the job they are doing; the same sharp, detailed immediacy of locale and time.

Yet the wonder of it was that a reader with my prejudices got there in the first place, for the opening nearly turned me away from it. He presents Paddy Carmody with the typical "beloved bum" cliches. He has the worst sort of false-rhapsodic, sentimental style and a kind of masculine cuteness. There is much talk of "black curly hair that could catch a woman's fingers before she was aware of it" (like a man-eating orchid), "he was Paddy Carmody, take him or leave him," ". . . the muscled hardness of him." All this adorned with such dialogue as (context self-evident), "don't bruise the fruit." Davis would never permit these things to happen.

Happily, just as this began to reach the unendurable, it dropped away, to be followed by clear, honest work, but again, regrettably, to take up some of the falsenesses of manner and philosophy in the closing chapters. Even so, we can bear with them, in the light of the satisfying time we've had in between.

Mr. Cleary's most striking personage is the tall, sharp-tongued Rupe Venneker. His love life with the hearty, widowed pub-keeper, Mrs. Firth, is in a rich and warm comic vein. Venneker, with his aristocratic background, mocking courtliness, wit, and fluency, is a kind of Australian John Barrymore. Ida Carmody and the boy Sean are penetratingly drawn, too, except when dragged under briefly in the backwash of Paddy's professional-Irishman, lovable-bum phases.

Mr. Cleary is a good writer. Obviously he has much to say, and much to say it with, out of his Australian roots. I hope he will get rid of the things that mar this book. Yet even if my reservations are wholly right, there is too much that is good, here, for them to count heavily.

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# *In No Country*

*LET IT COME DOWN. By Paul Bowles. New York: Random House. 311 pp. $3.50.*

By Leonard Amster

"HE WAS no one, and he was standing in the middle of no country." That is the way Dyar, the central figure in Paul Bowles's new novel, thinks of himself shortly after his arrival in the International Zone of Tangier. It also expresses the bankruptcy of values and terrorizing loneliness of most of the characters in his previous novel and collection of short stories. Once again, Mr. Bowles has written a frightening book. Only now there is an important difference. The *shock* is present, but is no longer a device. It is a conclusion justified by the hashish delirium that is the one possible resolution of Dyar's existentialist pilgrimage into the unknown interior of himself. If Mr. Bowles takes the chance of losing the *voyeurs* in his audience by this new discipline, he asks of others that he be judged more specifically on his merits.

These merits are considerable, but of a technical and exterior sort. Mr. Bowles, who is an accomplished composer, presents his characters contrapuntally. What each is doing at a particular moment is artfully disclosed. The theme of one is offered first and then followed by his antiphonal response to another whose theme has already been given. But only sensibility joins them, and a terrible rootlessness. Dyar, a cipher, leaves his position as teller in a New York bank and, without seeking it, gains self-recognition in "no country." Logically, he fills his no-longer disguised void in illogical ways that end in a horror of nightmare dimensions. His girl in a brothel is loved by a lesbian, who contributes to his destruction and whose logic is confined to drunkenly shrewd observations that she commits to paper. Hashish-ridden Daisy, the Marquesa of Valverde, who tries to uncover the man in Dyar and the woman in herself, is Hemingway-hard and Fitzgerald-soft. Both Wilcox, who employs Dyar for undefined reasons, and the Arab, Thami, offend against the law. They are a wayward lot, who are governed by spiritual desolation and whose sad, irrelevant posturings express a vain effort to draw close to others by an illusion of warmth, or who by criminal means attempt to continue a life about which they have no illusions.

"Consider the source," exhorted Conrad, as if to another race of men. Bowles is one of a group of writers who communicate atmosphere and insidious rot and who delineate their characters by offering effects and leaving it to the imagination of readers to discover the sources from which they sprang. It makes little difference whether the scene is laid in the old South or in Morocco. The result is what Katherine Mansfield has called a record rather than a revelation, for "emotion is essential to a work of art." And emotion, tempered by our recording intelligence, is the source which generates the behavior of most of us outside of externalizations of life like this.

*—By George Thompson for jacket of "The Duke of Gallodoro."*

# *Satire in Italy*

*THE DUKE OF GALLODORO. By Aubrey Menen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 232 pp. $2.75.*

By Harrison Smith

THE principal charm of Aubrey Menen's characters, aside from the exotic scenery with which he surrounds them, is the endless stream of witty and often bewildering conversations in which they indulge. In his first novel, "The Prevalence of Witches," he placed two cultivated Englishmen in a mythical region in India he called Limbo and turned them loose in a conversational marathon with an American missionary and a bogus Swami. In "The Duke of Gallodoro" there are again two Englishmen with a talent for philosophical and caustic discourse. They meet in a small Italian seaport where no one does any work or cares about the passage of time, except the old women who spend their lives in church. One of them is obviously Mr. Menen himself, or someone very much like him; at any rate, he is a novelist in his thirties who has been attracted to the indolent town in the hope of meeting the fourteenth Duke of Gallodoro, who turns out to be an elderly, eccentric, and wealthy Englishman whose ancestor, a Knight of the Crusades, had given him a claim to the title. The Duke is a cynic who lives in an enchantingly beautiful castle on the slope of a mountain from which he surveys the sea and his subjects with equal lack of concern.

The plot, if there can be said to be any, is concerned with the novelist's discovery that Peppin, an engaging, foul-mouthed boy, a professional and talented thief, is probably the Duke's bastard son. Peppin lives in a cave under a rambling hotel, and out of mischief or malice the visitor takes up his cause, aided by an alcoholic Italian who has abandoned his literary career for the more exciting profession of writing begging letters for the natives. He is by far the most engaging character in the novel, with a wonderful gift for extracting money from the pockets of relatives in America, or from lovers who have run away with Gallodorian wives.

The reader may remain in doubt of Mr. Menen's intentions in writing "The Duke of Gallodoro." Is he trying to illustrate the pleasures of idleness and poverty in the midst of ruins of a more hardy and vigorous past, or is his creation the result of a sincere desire to display his wit and his defiance of the hypocrisies, morals, and politics of postwar years? The phrases

(*Continued on page 33*)

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# *Good Listening & Good Will*

"WHAT would you think," I was asked in Dacca, Pakistan, a year ago, "if someone sent you a letter marked Norwalk, Connecticut, U. S. A., Canada? You would wonder at the schooling and reading of that person, would you not? You would wonder not only at his ignorance but also at his presumption.

"Here in Pakistan," my host continued, "we receive letters every day from the United States addressed: Dacca, Pakistan, India, or Karachi, Pakistan, India, and so forth. It is always Pakistan, India. Our reaction is not so much wonder as pain. It pains us that in your distinguished and highly literate country people should not know that Pakistan is a fully independent nation, no more a part of India than the United States is part of Brazil, just because they both happen to be in the Americas.

"Yes, we are a young country, and we were once part of the Indian sub-Continent. But it is now four years since the partition of the sub-Continent, surely enough time for educated people in your country to know that Pakistan has become not only a state by itself, but the fifth most populous nation in the world. It would be different if these letters that we received came mostly from young people who have yet to achieve a broad knowledge of the world. But many letters come from people of standing—officials, educators, authors, writers, editors. If you will forgive me for saying so"— my host seemed reticent almost to the point of stammering—"the small package I received the other day from your office in New York to give to you on arrival was no exception. It came with the inevitable address—Dacca, Pakistan, India."

Somewhere in Byron's "Don Juan" this advice is offered: if embarrassed beyond apparent recovery, scratch your ear. I can bear personal witness to the inadequacy of that advice. Under the circumstances, the best I could do was to follow Mark Twain's suggestion to a flustered friend: swallow hard and say nothing.

My host smiled. "I do not mean to be critical," he said. "But we Pakistani take great pride in our nationhood. Ours is a double independence many generations in the making—independence from Western rule, independence on the sub-Continent. We have come into being under extraordinary circumstances. Partition took place so rapidly that we had to start virtually from scratch. The government was like the improvised field headquarters of the high command of an army. We had to use crates for desks and boxes for chairs. We had very little of the facilities of government and not enough people who were trained to use them. And yet Pakistan today is one of the world's most stable governments—our affairs are in order; our problems are severe but they are well in hand; our people are productive; the spirit is wonderful."

My friend paused, then looked at me gravely.

"Yet many of us engaged in the building of this nation are now and then disheartened when the people we admire so much, the Americans, show so little awareness of the things that are important to us. Your map companies rarely even recognize our existence. Hammond's 1948 Library World Atlas doesn't mention us; the new Encyclopaedia Britannica Atlas doesn't list us in the Index of Countries; most of your globe manufacturers apparently never heard of us. These oversights, like the wrong addresses on our letters, are small matters, of course, and we would pay no attention to them if it weren't for the unhappy fact that they symbolize so sharply the lack of knowledge in America about Pakistan.

"Here in Pakistan we have many schools to build and long generations of work before we can have the same high percentage of literacy as you. But at least the educated people here know a few things about your country, your institutions, your religions, your literature. Is it unfair or discourteous to ask whether the same can be said of educated Americans about our country and people? Let's go beyond Pakistan. What of the entire Moslem world? There are almost 250,000,000 Moslems—in lands that stretch all the way from the Pacific Ocean, across Asia, the Middle East, North Africa, and to the Atlantic shores of Spain. What do educated Americans know of the Islamic faith? We have studied Christianity and Judaism; indeed, the Koran embodies many of the tenets of the New and Old Testaments. Can it be said that many educated Americans have a general knowledge of the nature of our religion and know that it actually incorporates a large part of yours?

"What about our literature? Iqbal to us is what Shakespeare and Shaw are to Britain, what Tagore and Kalidasa are to India, what Emerson, Thoreau, and Whitman are to you. Do American schools, in teaching your young people about their neighbors in the world, tell them about Iqbal and our pride in him and why we believe he has meaning for men everywhere? We know you are familiar with the 'Rubaiyat,' but that may be because Fitzgerald has endowed the translation with the qualities of an English epic. Lacking a Fitzgerald, what has happened to Sa'di and Hafiz, who were writing great poetry at a time when European culture was still sleepy from the Middle Ages? Sa'di's 'Gulistan' and Hafiz's 'Odes' are as rich as the 'Rubaiyat,' I assure you, but they may not lend themselves to facile versifying, with all due respect for Mr. Fitzgerald."

MY friend has stated his case with the utmost tact, and everything considered, with remarkable courtesy and restraint. As he spoke, I had a strong sense of personal inadequacy. My own education had not prepared me, except in the vaguest way, for comprehending the ideas and institutions of the vast world of which he was a part.

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He helped to dramatize the fact that there are not two worlds which comprise this planet, but four and possibly five. He was part of the Moslem world, but there were also his Hindu neighbors—one-third of a billion of them; also, the people in the Southeast Asia complex; also, the entire continent of Africa.

At that distance from the United States, it seemed painfully clear that we were rapidly becoming the prisoners of our own over-simplifications. Much of our thinking got as far as Moscow and abruptly stopped there. Yet even if Soviet Russia were completely removed as a factor in the world crisis many of the basic tensions, dislocations, and pressures would remain. Communism didn't create the issues; it exploited them. Our comprehension of those issues; our ability to see them in relation to the total problem of world peace; our capacity for winning the support and good will of peoples—these were as vital to our own future as any conventional measures taken in the national defense.

IN any event, we had a big educational job ahead of us. It involved getting behind and beyond the daily headlines, familiarizing ourselves with historical forces, understanding the cultures and institutions of other peoples, recognizing and respecting individual and national pride, learning the proprieties.

Apart from this, there was one aspect to my Pakistan host's observations which had special meaning for our information services overseas. It wasn't enough to talk about ourselves; we had to convince peoples we were interested in them. Wherever I went—Asia, Africa, Europe—I discovered I had come only half prepared. Our history, our institutions, our literature—these were some of the subjects I had come prepared to talk about. But many of the questioners wanted to know how well informed we were about them and about our comprehension of their problems. Whether it was the Kashmir question with respect to Pakistan or India, the oil expropriation question in the Near East, the foreign concessions in Cairo, or the export problem in Great Britain—people were more anxious to find out where we stood on these issues than they were about life in the United States, our standard of living, or our domestic politics. You got the feeling, too, that other peoples wished we would occasionally do less talking and more listening. It may be that the best thing we can do for the Voice of America is to develop an Ear of America.

—N. C.

## *Let Freedom Ring!*

LET us dare to read, think, speak, and write.

Let us read and recollect and impress upon our souls the views and ends of our own more immediate forefathers in exchanging their native country for a dreary, inhospitable wilderness. Let us recollect it was liberty, the hope for themselves and us and ours, which conquered all discouragements, dangers, and trials.

Let the pulpit resound with the doctrines and sentiments of religious liberty. Let us hear the danger of thraldom to our consciences from ignorance, extreme poverty, and dependence; in short, from civil and political slavery. Let us see delineated before us the true map of man. Let us hear the dignity of his nature, and the noble rank he holds among the works of God—that consenting to slavery is a sacrilegious breach of trust, as offensive in the sight of God as it is derogatory from our own honor or interest or happiness—and that God Almighty has promulgated from heaven liberty, peace, and goodwill to man!

In a word, let every sluice of knowledge be opened and set a-flowing. The encroachments upon liberty in the reigns of the first James and the first Charles, by turning the general attention of learned men to government, are said to have produced the greatest number of consummate statesmen which has ever been seen in any age or nation. The Brookes, Hampdens, Vanes, Seldens, Miltons, Nedhams, Harringtons, Nevilles, Sidneys, Lockes, are all said to have owed their eminence in political knowledge to the tyrannies of those reigns. The prospect now before us in America ought in the same manner to engage the attention of every man of learning to matters of power and of right, that we may be neither led nor driven blindfold to irretrievable destruction.

—JOHN ADAMS (1765).

## *Bookmarks*

A MOST alarming little book about words, if you chance to pick it up as casually as we did, is "The Law of Libel and Slander," by Ella Cook Thomas, a unit in the Legal Almanac Series. (Miss Thomas is law librarian of George Washington University and a member of the District of Columbia bar.) The most dangerous remark a person can pass, it seems, is to accuse a woman of want of chastity—you can be jumped on in sixteen states for that. It is only a little less risky (fifteen states) to blacken the memory of the dead. The states in which it is safest to run off at the face are Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Delaware; reticence pays off most handsomely in California, North Dakota, and Texas. In five states it is still actionable to accuse a man of cowardice in not accepting a challenge to a duel. But suppose the man was challenged because he accused a woman of want of chastity?

* * *

A Chicago minister's wife recently discovered that her baby was going to arrive before she could get to a hospital. Her twenty-three-year-old husband took over and followed through. Some months previously, the Associated Press reported, he had bought "a 700-page book used by nurses as an obstetrics textbook and read it from cover to cover." Which weighed most, the book or the baby?

* * *

One Anglo-American deviation on which we have seen no comment is the Englishman's tendency to say "the hell of a situation" where the American would say "a hell of a situation."

* * *

Words occurring only once in the authorized version of the Bible: *aboard, abstinence, activity, afternoon, aground, ague, allegory, aloft, aloof, amber, amiable, andirons, anvil, argument, artillery, assist, augment, austere, averse.* (Since this investigation turned out to be more of a job than we had expected, we shall drop the subject at this point.)

* * *

There are some novelists who are sure when they give a fictional creation a cleft chin, meeting eyebrows, and a wen under the left ear, they have created an unforgettable character.

* * *

Aren't there are any old-fangled ideas?

—J. T. W.

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## Wisedom

SIR: There's considerable commotion among the intelligentsia these days over a question of usage.

It has to do with the adverbial suffix "wise" when tacked onto a wide variety of root words. In many cases, of course, "wise" is just part of a perfectly standard and legitimate word, like otherwise, coastwise, contrariwise, clockwise, or counterclockwise. Here there is no problem.

Slangwise, though, there's a danger of using the affix too loosely—it's so convenient. How much easier, for example, to say, "Here is the councilman's position taxwise," than "Here is the position of the councilman in regard to taxation." And how much brisker, stylewise, to scrap a sentence like "From the point of view of plot, this film leaves much to be desired," in favor of "Plotwise, this movie stinks."

Many noted authors, of course, have climbed aboard the "wise" wagon. I cite first Robert Ruark, a frequent practitioner of the suffix in the *New York World Telegram*. Speaking of young Arthur MacArthur, Mr. Ruark has said, "His tact, public relationswise, is the grave equal of an adult's."

Now for the position of S. J. Perelman, of *The New Yorker*. In a recent story called "Chewies the Goat But Flicks Need Hypo," Mr. Perelman states, "They will lamp a pleasing selection of mint drop, chocolate creams, and candied apples to beguile themselves stomachwise."

Finally, here's an example by screen star Elizabeth Taylor, of almost any newspaper you pick up. "Romanticwise," says Liz, "there's no one."

Unimpeachable authorities, these, for the judicious use of "wise." But a friend of mine familiar with teaching circles tells me that certain faculties are tossing purism to the winds. No one seriously doubts the legitimacy of referring to a student's status academicwise, athleticwise, or parentwise. But it is hard to defend the mathematics professor who has been quoted as saying, "The boy's over-all attitude is thiswise."

Even more indefensible is the remark of another man—not a teacher, by the way—who addressed a query to a friend returning home from services at the synagogue: "George, how was the sermon—rabbiwise, I mean?"

Another deplorable usage is the indiscriminate coupling of "wise" with words that rhyme with it. Once again, it's a matter of good judgment, or taste. It's all right to say, "At the masquerade Herman won first prize disguisewise." And it is also entirely proper, in assessing any new first baseman for the New York Yankees, to ask how he stacks up Mizewise. Whether you can safely describe baseball players or non-athletes flieswise, however, depends on the context.

And though opinions vary, I personally am unalterably opposed to characterizing a girl with a lot of boy friends as "carrying on guyswise."

That's the up-to-the-minute picture of the usage scene, wisewise. Some

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"After all, our interests are in New York. Chicago is a long way off."

literary craftsmen feel that the situation is rapidly deteriorating. Me, likewise.

JOHN MCGIFFERT.

New York, N. Y.

## Cheaper and Easier?

SIR: Long before Christmas I tried to order two books at our local book store, which is run by an energetic young man who tries to give satisfaction. After three months and seven letters he was able to get one of the books for me. The publisher after four months has never deigned to answer a letter about the other book, and I am just stubborn enough to make the bookstore keep at it until we get it or an answer that it is out of print or temporarily unavailable. So far all we have from that publisher is silence.

The only conclusion I can draw is that the publishers consider the small-town bookstores as worth absolutely nothing to them, not even worth an answer to an order.

I am so discouraged that I say: To heck with trying to give anybody a book; I'll just buy him haberdashery. I can step into a store and buy that, and it's cheaper.

MARY PAXTON KELELEY.

Columbia, Mo.

## How to Outbid Moscow

SIR: I sympathize with Edgar Ansel Mowrer's indignation [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SRL* Dec. 29] that the dictators of the Soviet realm should be able to put across what he terms "the most blatant political swindle of all time" in making any dominated people think that they would be better off under Soviet rule. At the same time, I agree with Alan Paton that this *is* what people whose rights are denied by anti-Soviet governments tend to think. Paradoxical as looking to the Kremlin for liberation seems to Mr. Mowrer and to me, it is a widely observable phenomenon in the world today, one the actuality of which we cannot afford to refuse to see, merely because it burns us up to see it. And certainly the Alan Patons of this world are not to blame for it, as Mr. Mowrer unworthily suggests, simply because they recognize a fact and state it.

What Mr. Mowrer fails to grasp is that the oppressed people outside the Soviet Union have no idea of what life is like under Moscow's domination, because they have never experienced it and most of them cannot read and therefore have no access to the reports of those who have escaped. This being the case, there is no use whatever in "insisting that they observe its falsity for themselves," as Mr. Mowrer recommends. The tendency wherever distress is acute is to feel that any change must be for the better.

But, granting the falsity of the idea of liberation under Communist auspices in most cases, I think that it is quite understandable how the idea has taken root. Uneducated people who are oppressed by governments which proclaim their hatred of the Soviet Union naturally wonder if a government that their oppressors hate might not be a better one for them. The Communist propagandists then make the most of the situation and say to the people: "Why, yes, you'd be ever so much better off if you were governed by us. We love the common people. Ours is a people's democracy. We also were oppressed by the rich and heartless but we threw off their rule and

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established paradise on earth. Throw in your lot with us and we'll set you free." Cynical as this sounds to Mr. Mowrer and to me, it is very effective propaganda, as the turmoil in many lands reveals.

The way to make it ineffective is not to bellow lustily that it's all a transparent lie. It may be a lie but it's not transparent to the ignorant and the oppressed. No, we have got to stop doing what the Communists say a capitalist power will always do: aiding reactionary governments to suppress popular movements clamoring for long overdue reforms. We have got to *prove*, not just say, that we stand for freedom.

RICHARD K. WASHBURN.

Springfield, Mass.

SIR: A reader who has enjoyed the hospitality of an editor ought not stay to dinner. Yet in view of the importance of the replies to me by Leo Lania [LETTERS, *SR* Jan. 19] and Richard Washburn [above] I trust you will grant me space to reply to what are to me most misleading arguments.

Mr. Lania actually thinks that we "are doing too much rather than too little" exposing of the Kremlin in backward areas. Instead, he proposes that we "help the weary, the hungry, and the desperate toward equality of status." He implies, though he does not specifically state, that in order to outbid Moscow's promised Utopia the United States must actually provide one—or fail.

Let us examine these ideas.

Last year at Taipeh, Formosa, I was astonished to meet Chinese friends who, back in 1941, had been pro-Communist. When I asked why they, who had admired Mao and detested Chiang, were not on the Chinese mainland helping to build a "people's democracy," their embarrassed answer was: "In Chungking we used to say that nothing could be worse than the Kuomintang. Now we have experienced that Communism is worse. So we are here fighting on the side of Chiang."

A sound conclusion but possibly a little late. Our job is to see to it that no more Chinese or other inexperienced people fall into the Kremlin's trap. Communism's greatest weakness is the shrieking discrepancy between promise and reality. Stalin's regime may not be the greatest recorded tyranny (it is a strong competitor for that position). It is unquestionably the greatest known political and economic swindle. For the free world not to reveal, tirelessly, the hideous prospect behind the Kremlin's rosy comeons, not to expose the Great Lie of our generation, would be unpardonable folly.

Seeking to promote equality of status is something else. Personally, I have always championed such an effort in so far as this is a moral, an intellectual, or a political task. For here quick results are possible. One of the best ways is, moreover, to compare the status of even the worse treated U. S. citizens with all of Stalin's non-Communists and to point out unceasingly that the USSR is an aggressive empire with internal colonies.

Yet if, as I suspect, Mr. Lania believes that we must provide economic equality as part of equality of status,

then, I submit, we are already beaten in the struggle for men's minds.

Leaving aside the ethical question whether all peoples are entitled to economic equality regardless of their aptitudes and energy, we must face the fact that, within a reasonable future, the United States is incapable substantially of raising the living standards of the undecided third of the human race. One American economic expert in New Delhi has been forced to the conclusion that to raise to a tolerable level the standard of India alone would take "unlimited capital, two generations, and the Heavenly Host." Mr. Lania may feel sure of the Heavenly Host (many reformers assume that Divinity is by definition on their side). Can he believe that the United States has the required two generations or the unlimited capital to invest in an area whose rulers are unable and unwilling to defend it? Raising false hopes in "the weary, the hungry, and the desperate" is worse than giving no help at all. What we can and should do is indicate our interest in improvement (as we are doing) and provide purely technical assistance. For in the last analysis each people will have to raise its own standard primarily by its own efforts.

Mr. Washburn points at a different sort of wooden duck. He generously grants "the falsity of liberation under Communist auspices in most cases" (I challenge him to point out *one* case where such liberation has not proved false). Yet he concludes that in order to compete with the Kremlin's propaganda, we in America have "got to *prove*, not just say, that we stand for freedom."

A fine, bold undertaking! Actually, Mr. Washburn has glossed over the problem by failing to differentiate between national independence and individual civil liberties under self-government. The U. S. authorities could doubtless do more to promote national independence whenever the result would not be to increase the number of Communist countries. We can continue to express our dislike of enforced colonialism. We cannot and should not try to impose either civil liberties or self-government upon other peoples, which is what I fear Mr. Washburn means by proving that "we stand for freedom." To suggest that we should is to me just another example of the kind of reforming zeal—generous in appearance yet arrogant in essence—which is hindering rather than promoting our Administration's efforts to do what is possible.

Mr. Washburn's thesis seems to me to be based upon the false assumption that Communist-led movements are really popular movements in the sense that they are supported by a majority of the citizens. Therefore, he urges us to "stop doing what the Communists say a capitalist power will always do: aiding reactionary governments to suppress popular movements clamoring for overdue reforms."

In fact, there is no known instance where the Communists have secured the support of a majority of the citizens or otherwise acquired a genuine right to call their movement "popular." They have frequently hidden within popular movements, for independence or for better wages, or what not. Once you inform the majority that Communism is the most reactionary form of government known to man, that it distributes land to suckers only later to snatch it back and "collectivize it," raises wages only later to introduce speeding and piece work, the danger of Communism disappears.

It would, of course, be well if the existing "reactionary governments" would, of themselves, do more to improve the lot of their peoples where this is possible. It would also be fine if the American people would give Negroes, Jews, Mexicans, and Japanese fuller equality of status. Yet for the outside world to try to impose this upon Americans would merely aggravate the problem, not settle it. These things must come of themselves, from within, not be imposed by foreigners from without.

Finally, there is another reason why —as I suggested above—the United States cannot safely oppose "reactionary governments" as such. This is that the only feasible alternatives may be —and was in certain spots—Soviet Communist governments. Often we have to accept the fact that self-government is still a dream. We have to understand that, as between tyrants, it is the duty of the American people to choose (in so far as the choice is ours) between a friendly tyrant (as in Thailand) and an enemy tyrant (as in Red China). The vast majority of mankind—with apologies to Mr. Washburn—have not yet shown much aptitude at creating, still less at preserving, any truly democratic government. Here again, the most we can do is express our preference for democracy.

In short, all over the world the United States can and should take a stand definitely upon the respect for human dignity which characterizes American society at its best—and leave concrete reforms, etc., to the discretion of the people concerned. This is in itself no easy task. If we accomplish it, we shall, in my judgment, have acquitted ourselves of the duty which eternal ethics and contemporary politics impose upon us. If we attempt more, we shall accomplish less.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.

Washington, D. C.

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# Seeing Things

## LOOK, PA, I'M DANCIN'

THERE is a lightning that no one sees and that only one person feels—the person who is hit by it. Although it flashes unpredictably, it ignites without destroying. It does not speed from the skies to the earth but from age to youth, and is a matter of influence and inspiration. It strikes when a young person suddenly has his interest polarized and his life altered by chancing to come under the spell of a colorful public figure or performer who is unaware of what is happening.

This kind of lightning has struck throughout the whole of history and fortunately is striking now, though where and how the world does not know. It struck in London one evening in the early Eighties when a tall, reedy Irishman named George Bernard Shaw, who had not hitherto been interested in economics or political science, wandered into a hall and heard an American, Henry George, talk on Land Nationalization and the Single Tax. That speech by the author of "Progress and Poverty," Shaw later confessed, "changed the whole current of my life."

Some forty years later, halfway around the world in Los Angeles, a girl of thirteen was struck by this same lightning which is always ready to strike the lucky. The girl was Agnes de Mille, the granddaughter of Henry George. She had been taken by her mother to see Pavlova. A birdlike creature, all wonder and fascination and lightness, filled the stage with glory and the child with ecstasy.

As she watched Pavlova dance, the blood beat in the girl's throat. When Pavlova jumped, her spirit soared even as Pavlova's body seemed to fly. She had never imagined such grace and was seldom again to know a like excitement. She had been led into a realm of dreams and enchantment. She had witnessed "the power of beauty." Her head ached with happiness as she left the theatre. She could not talk and did not wish to cry. She had had an experience which, in her words, burned in a single afternoon a path over which she could never retrace her steps. As she puts it in her autobiography, "my life was wholly altered by her."

How many lives have been and will be altered by Miss De Mille's "Dance to the Piper,"* there is no way of telling. Certainly some will be, because hers is more than an engrossing book. It is a needed book, welcome and exciting. Although its subject is the world of the dance, its interest is not limited to those who follow that world or care about it.

It has much to say to everyone practising or responsive to any of the arts, for the lightning of inspiration is in it. It changes us as we read it by making us feel "less daily," to borrow Miss De Mille's fine phrase for the effect Pavlova had on her audiences. The wonder, the heartbreak, the intensity, the drudgery, the hardship, the hoping and fearing, the joy and agony, the dedication, the martyrdom, and the glory of the true artist's life are laid bare in its pages with humor and gallantry, and with a skill so exceptional that professional authors would have every reason to resent the brilliance of the writing if their admiration did not silence their envy.

Quite aside from the rich enjoyment it provides, Miss De Mille's autobiography has an importance which cannot be overstressed, particularly at present. Arts and the artist have had a hard time in the contemporary world. For far too many years man has had to be preoccupied with other concerns. Grave problems of economics, the passions of politics, the tensions of international crises, the threats or horrors of war, and the fears of the atomic age have commanded his attention and drained his energies. In an age of crisis a literature of brutality and toughness has, understandably enough, replaced to a large extent a literature of beauty and rapture. Indeed, in the grim, desperate struggle for civilization's survival many people have been tempted to forget that the justification for that struggle is what civilization at its best can be.

IF "Dance to the Piper" flames like a beacon in the midst of the present's dark and stormy night, it is because without being arty Miss De Mille

*DANCE TO THE PIPER, by Agnes de Mille. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press book. 342 pp. $3.50.

—Angus McBean.

Agnes de Mille—"very simple exaltation of the high priestess."

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sketches as "Dance to the Piper" is, it also benefits by the strength and clarity of Miss De Mille's exposition of the principles and purposes of all kinds of dancing.

As a theorist, Miss De Mille has the same lucidity and perception which distinguished the late Andre Levinson as a critic of the dance. She explains technical terms so that anyone can understand them, and writes of the final mysteries of a highly special profession in phrases that are at once simple and universal. The only book on the same subject that I can think of comparable to hers is Isadora Duncan's "My Life." But where Isadora's autobiography, extraordinary as it was, suffered because its emphasis was more on her life than on her art and excluded from its pages those essays ultimately published in another volume called "The Art of the Dance," Miss De Mille's personal history is as illuminating about her living as it is about her work.

Her book, though enthusiastically reviewed and a deserved best seller, has not in my opinion been praised as yet in the high terms it merits. More than insisting it is one of the most rewarding and absorbing books that I have read in several years, I would place it without hesitation among such notable volumes of theatrical reminiscences as Colley Cibber's "Apology," the "Memoirs" of Gozzi and Goldoni, Stanislavsky's "My Life in Art," Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography," Otis Skinner's "Footlights and Spotlights," and Isadora Duncan's "My Life." It, too, has the stuffs of greatness in it.

One of the troubles of the contemporary theatre is that so few of its people bring to their work that final, indestructible fanaticism, that unashamed yet very simple exaltation of the high priestess which Miss De Mille brings to dancing. Dancing to her is not a profession. It is a religion. When describing the words of advice and encouragement Martha Graham has given to others, Miss De Mille says, "One stood abashed, and listened. . . . There was the seal of her life upon them." The seal of Miss De Mille's life is upon every page and paragraph of "Dance to the Piper."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

## *Broadway Postscript*

FANTASY either is or isn't. If it is, as it was for most of the critics, "Mrs. McThing's" imperfections can be overlooked, and the play becomes an ingenious modern fairy tale about a boy with Lord Fauntleroy disease. Children will laugh at it and adults weep, and the name Robert Whitehead and the ANTA Series will be blessed for providing a happy alternative to Clare Tree Major or the Children's World Theatre.

If it isn't, as it was not for this writer, nothing can conceal the hard truth of the matter. Helen Hayes, who is warmly hilarious when allowed to improvise a scene with a broom, is most uncomfortable when called upon to give a flat picture of a snobbish society mother. Conversely, Brandon De Wilde as her son is incredibly adroit for his ten years when mimicking the pantywaist or lampooning Peck's Bad Boy, but his relationship to his mother and his little girl playmate is mechanical. Jules Munshin and Irwin Corey show good command of style in mobster impersonations, but their inclusion in the plot leaves the author in the dubious position of condoning crime as a way of life.

What constantly strikes you is that Mrs. Chase is writing about caricatures, none of whom is as real as her invisible rabbit, and that no matter how well Mr. Buloff stages the play it can only approach what would have been possible in a two-dimensional animated cartoon of the "Gerald McBoing Boing" variety. —HENRY HEWES.

## *Four on the Isle*

*THE LITTLE HUT. By André Roussin. Adapted by Nancy Mitford. British Book Centre.* $1.50. This needle-tongued French farce has been charmingly blunted down for British consumption by Miss Mitford. The dilemma of a woman, her husband, and her husband's best friend who is also her lover all shipwrecked together on an almost deserted island is resolved by a wife-sharing plan in both versions. Miss Mitford, however, somehow manages to make the whole business seem as inoffensive as a game of musical chairs.

A less subtle difference between the two versions is that, where M. Roussin indicates a shipwrecked Negro cook to team up with the woman, Miss Mitford has transformed the same character into a heavily sunburnt white man.

Of the two, the British script seems to be the more likely for production here, where, particularly if Robert Morley were brought over in the part of the husband which he played in London, it should have the same kind of success that a similar play, Benn Levy's "Clutterbuck," enjoyed. It is too bad, of course, that an American version will probably not be written. If it were, we might be provided with a basis for comparison of the mores, or should we say immores, of the three countries. —H. H.

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# SR Goes to the Movies

## LAUGH, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

IT so happened that two films from South Africa arrived in New York within a few weeks of each other —"Cry, the Beloved Country" [*SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, Feb: 2] and "The Magic Garden." Arthur L. Mayer, who is distributing the latter film in America, has suggested that "The Magic Garden" should be subtitled "Laugh, the Beloved Country." He is on the right track. The two films have much the same thing to say. One is after the tears in things, the other the laughter, but both are about one theme, the way Negroes must live in South Africa.

Made under the noses of the racists, in Alexandra, the Negro quarter of Johannesburg, "The Magic Garden" probably got by because it seemed a harmless fable employing all the old clichés showing the Negroes as a race of happy children. You don't look at the picture long, though, before the clichés fall away. Behind the hilarious action, the outlines of reality fill in. The only two people who seem to make a fair living in this conglomerate community are a money-lender and the proprietor of a reasonable facsimile of a company store. The rest subsist apparently on each other, and a poor man may have to sell his daughter in marriage in order to keep going. All the stigmata of a submerged society are visible, especially belief in miracles.

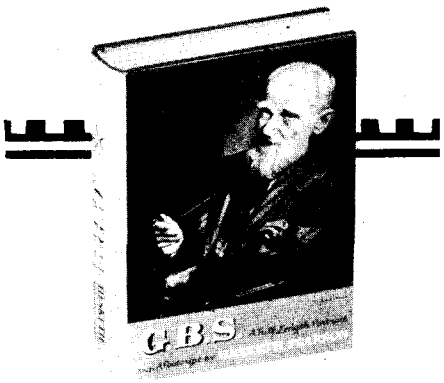
It is miracles, or what seem to be miracles, that keep the plot going. A thief who steals money intended for charity hides it in the garden of a widow. She accepts as a fact that the money has "grown" there and turns it over to the unscrupulous storekeeper for safekeeping. Before the merchant can use it to buy a wife, the original thief has regained it. Once more pursued, the thief hides it again. This time it is found by the prospective wife's preferred suitor, who saves her from the storekeeper. So it goes. Every time the thief recaptures the money, circumstances force him to cache it where it can be found by the people who need it most. An unwilling do-gooder, he has solved everybody's problems in the twenty-four hours which end with the restoration of the money to the church from which it was stolen.

It doesn't look like satire as it passes before you; it looks like effortless fun. But it is considerably more than artless fun as is evidenced by its style, out of Mack Sennett by way of René Clair, and by its over-all finish, an amazing achievement in a film cheaply made on location with amateur actors. It focuses so cleary on the South African Negroes as delightful human beings that you don't think of the life they lead; you rejoice instead in the gaiety and spirit with which they lead it. But even as you look and laugh, a fine deposit of comment settles in the mind.

In the end, you come back to the fact that the problems of the film, comic but real, are solved by miracles, and to Bosley Crowther's penetrating remark that "The Magic Garden" is to "Cry, the Beloved Country' as De Sica's "Miracle in Milan" is to his "Bicycle Thief." It may be we are watching one of those strange subterranean shifts which determine why films are made the way they are in any given period, and not some other way. Twenty years ago the statements of "Miracle in Milan" and "The Magic Garden" would have been socio-political, direct, and bitter instead of satire disguised as innocent comedy.

"THE Magic Garden" was made by a young unemployed English film technician, Donald Swanson, who got himself to South Africa and made his picture with spit and shoestring. Across the world in California, Hall Bartlett, a young actor, and Norman Foster, the veteran actor-director, somehow found the money and courage to make "Navajo" (Lippert). That these two movies managed to get out before the public is a challenge to all of us who say we want stuff in our films, and believe we mean it.

"Navajo" is about one family of the ancient tribe who live an impoverished caricature of the nomadic life of their ancestors. Fed on hatreds left over from the bitter Indian wars, they resist the efforts of the white man to educate their young—which is really their only chance for survival. The family consists of a woman and her children (her husband has abandoned them for the town and the white man's wages), together with an old man left over from the tribal past. This hapless group wanders the desert in search of the remains of pastureland for their scanty herd, without past or future, the dregs of a primitive culture overcome by a civilized one. The boy of the family is eventually dragooned into the white man's school; after revolt against it and escape, he comes to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terms with it and with the only future possible to him.

The picture is mostly mimed in silence, with an explanatory commentary. As such, it might have emerged as the familiar "official" documentary, laboring its points in favor of progress and enlightenment. It rises above this dead-level by imaginatively linking the growing points in the boy's future with those of his past. The old man, who had attached himself to the derelict family, had taught him that wind and wood and water were alive, that the beasts were our brothers, that the stars looked down with omniscience. When these ideas, which had comprised the whole imaginative life of his childhood, come back to him through his experiences with his teachers, he can accept the school and his future in the white man's world.

They come to him, and to us, through the camera, which is to say not as ideas but as experiences, and this is the strength of the picture. They were brave and good film-makers who made it, against the grain of what is called "entertainment" in films, and what is even more misleadingly called "educational."

—RICHARD GRIFFITH.

## SR Recommends

*The Magic Garden*: Reviewed in this issue.

*Navajo*: Reviewed in this issue.

*5 Fingers*: A true spy story based on L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" that avoids all the usual clichés of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8)

*Pictura, Adventure in Art*: A highly successful cinematic re-creation of great paintings, using such varied material as Carpaccio, Goya, and Grant Wood. (*SR* Feb. 16).

*Cry, the Beloved Country*: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

*Westward the Women*: An epic detailing the difficulties attending the first shipment of women from Kansas City to California to give "roots" to the frontier. (*SR* Jan. 12.)

*Decision Before Dawn*: An exciting, but arguable presentation of a "good German" PW who spies for us. (*SR* Dec. 29.)

*Death of a Salesman*: An honest, dignified filming of one of the decade's most moving plays. (*SR* Dec. 22.)

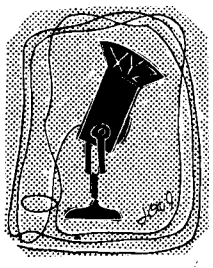
*Detective Story*: Faithful, moving adaptation of Sidney Kingsley play, well acted and only slightly modified for the innocent movie-goer. (*SR* Nov. 10.)

*Miracle at Milan*: Vittoria de Sica's Hooverville, Italy (or world), with realism upside-down, masquerading as fantastic comedy but issuing in satire. (*SR* Dec. 15.)

*The Browning Version*: So accomplished a filming of the Terence Rattigan play about a stiff-lipped English schoolteacher that its basic sentimentality is almost acceptable. (*SR* Nov. 10.)

# TV and Radio

### POLITICS—TELEVISED AND SPONSORED



THE announcement that broadcasts of this year's nominating conventions and the whole Presidential campaign would be "sponsored" on at least three of the television networks has been greeted with an indifference far more significant than the fact itself. Indeed, a cynic could say that the marriage of politics and commerce is the rational, if not divine, event toward which both have been moving. But in keeping with the old advice not to sell America short, not even to sell its soul short, I propose to ask some questions.

So far as I know, the subject of commercial sponsorship for the prime political activity of the American citizen has not been prominently discussed on the air; no town meetings have been held; no Congressional comment has been reported. A few newspapers muttered disconsolately about commercialism, but this was ascribed to pure jealousy of their rivals. Beyond that—nothing. There are diseases of the mind in which apathy is a morbid symptom; apparently one of them has attacked the national mind.

I shall return to this phenomenon after canvassing the questions which should have been asked.

First, since campaign coverage will bring the networks from one to three million dollars, was it necessary to break the tradition of giving free time for political discussion *before* the nominating conventions? Two networks have already done this, and in many ways it is a more serious step than sponsorship itself, which may be considered only a question of taste. The withdrawal of free time is in spirit a violation of the principle of open discussion, a brutal declaration that the man with the most money behind him can have most frequent access to the public, the man with no money can have none. After the nominations, each candidate is backed by party funds, and the propriety of selling time for campaigning is allowed; before the conventions, in the past, leading candidates have received free opportunity to appear, and this in turn has meant free opportunity for the public to judge.

The FCC rules for broadcasters do not compel the gift of time; they insist only that if time is given, it must be equally divided between the parties. The new policy makes the rules look silly: *who's giving time?* In a grim way, though, the principle of equality is upheld—a great tradition is dead, and in death we are all equal.

The second question is formalistic. How will the sponsors (Admiral, Westinghouse, and Philco) figure in the proceedings? There are three possibilities. One is straight sponsorship: Westinghouse (fanfare) gives you the Republican National Convention; Admiral (cheers) presents (late on election night) the next President of the United States; Philco (massed bands) brings you (on inauguration day) the President of the United States. A few squeamish folk will not be pleased.

As I read proof, I am reliably informed that sponsorship of the inauguration, which I intended as gross exaggeration, is being seriously discussed by at least one network.

The intermediate manner, which will probably be used, is for the sponsor to present "as a public service," the conventions, etc. This phrase, which used to mean specifically a program brought to the public by the broadcasting system or station at cost to itself without reimbursement from a sponsor, has now become a dodge which shifts uneasily between equivocation and hypocrisy.

The third, the thoroughly acceptable method, is for the networks to comply with the terms of their licenses and present the campaigns in the public interest with commercial messages at appropriate intervals. Possibly the audience will not see the difference and will still think that Admiral or Philco or Westinghouse is entitled to gratitude for "bringing" the campaign; but the distinction is clear and decisive. Sponsorship associates a product with the content of a broadcast; commercial spots do nothing of the sort; in the first, the sponsor is, as his name implies, responsible; in the second, the network is.

My next question was answered in advance in the manner of "Needless to say the sponsor will have no control over the broadcasts, which will be handled by the network staffs." It is, of course, "unthinkable" that a sponsor should prejudice the report of a political event, but I have found that the "unthinkable" is often what a lot of people are thinking. The posi-

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tion of the networks would be stronger if the meager precedents we have were entirely satisfactory. Four years ago John Crosby reported a bit of showmanship out of the Philadelphia convention which was just this side of faking. When the Southern Democrats left the hall, the NBC-*Life* combination (a partnership, not a sponsorship) showed them tearing their badges from their lapels and throwing them away. It was a dramatic symbol of their feelings, but it was not a spontaneous action—they had been asked to do it by the director of the broadcast. When it was over, the delegates scrabbled through the pile and pinned their own badges on again. This year the staffs of the various networks will be in competition; when they leave the pooled cameras in the big hall they will be under psychological compulsion to make their individual transmissions more and more effective—more effective, precisely, than those of their rivals. Who will draw the line between effective showmanship and the good little undiscoverable fake?

*Life* magazine figures in the next question also. Its planned sponsorship of the Dumont telecasts this year fell through because not enough stations were available; one reason they were not, *Variety* says, was that some stations, including the one owned by *The Chicago Tribune,* didn't want broadcasts sponsored by a magazine which had declared for Eisenhower. This seems a victory for non-sponsorship, but it leaves an uneasy feeling. *Life*'s politics were publicly made known; is it possible that the other sponsors have no political preferences?

I put two further questions without comment: What would happen to the coverage of the campaign if only one network got a sponsor and the others didn't? Would the audience of the non-sponsored stations get an adequate report? And what would happen if we had three parties this year, the third being no more and no less radical than that of Henry Wallace; would sponsors be willing to associate themselves with an unpopular movement or would this be covered "as a public service"?

And for the future, I am curious to know whether, in 1956, the party managers won't ask to be paid for the show they are putting on, each delegate becoming a member of AFRA, and the party coffers swelling agreeably.

I submit these as matters of concern to the American people and submit also my own answer (none too good) to the riddle of the apparent indifference of the public. I think the questions haven't been asked because no medium, no channel, no habit of asking questions exists. A channel of sorts has been proposed by Senator Benton: a committee appointed by Congress to observe and report on television. The magnitude of the problems raised by television is frightening; those relating to education, to children, to crime, to public inquiries are as important as the issues I have been discussing. Considering this, isn't it vitally important to create local groups to watch what television does and to give the public a medium for airing its doubts and dissents?

Senator Benton's proposal has been justifiably, as I think, denounced by the broadcasters; a quasi-official body, officially without power to act but overwhelming in its prestige, would only add to the confusion over Federal influence on program content and is certainly in the direction of Federal pressure. But a group of citizens in every community, drawn from lunch clubs and labor unions and professional groups and parent-teacher associations and religious bodies and all other important organizations, would actually give us a cross-section of the entire audience. Since the broadcasters want this audience and insist they give it only what it demands, they cannot object to observation and criticism and constructive suggestions—they might even win a deal of praise.

Such local groups could be loosely organized into regional sections leading to a national body which would be relatively small. Although I am not sanguine, I repeat a suggestion I have made before: that the broadcasters look benignly on the formation of these groups and, when they make their annual report on the state of television, give time for the discussion of the report on television itself.

I may be wrong in thinking that people would observe, comment, question, and, when necessary, protest if a channel for these activities were available. If I am wrong, it means that apathy has gone far enough to kill our natural reaction to political stimuli. It means that our responses are deadened and we have become social robots, taking whatever is brought to us, always grateful, answering the phone to say what program we are listening to, buying the products we are told to buy—and never thinking for ourselves. If that is so, it is a broadcaster's paradise, and the broadcasters themselves have done a lot to create it in the sweet land that once was the home of independent, thinking American citizens who were not afraid to ask questions.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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# Music to My Ears

**ASHTON AT TINTAGEL—RUBINSTEIN AND FRIENDS IN CARNEGIE HALL**

TEA with milk and two lumps of sugar seems a reasonable analogy at this moment for "Picnic at Tintagel," a new ballet by Frederick Ashton with music by Sir Arnold Bax and a decor by Cecil Beaton which the New York City Ballet presented last week for the first time anywhere. In a speech before the work was shown, Lincoln Kirstein described it, rather grandiosely, as "the first fruit of the second Elizabethan era," a characterization which, a little later on, seemed much more fanciful than the ballet itself.

This takes its theme from the tone-poem "Tintagel," which Bax wrote about thirty-five years ago, when an augmented chord with passing tones in the horn was frightfully daring. As a sample of mediocre invention almost given distinction by highly professional craftsmanship, the score has a kind of noble conventionality. The scenario Ashton has built upon it to permit the plot allusions to the Tristan-Isolde-Mark triangle — Tintagel was involved in that too, of course— is more than clever, almost inspired. But what he has evoked in movement to parallel the flashback into mythology is hardly on the level of the subject.

The brightest thing in the ballet is the transition from the present to medieval times. The "present" is the time of the music's composition, 1916, with long linen motoring dusters for the picnickers over the courtly costumes later revealed. The purposefully drab Tintagel of today is lifted out of sight with admirable swiftness to bring up the brightly-lit court scene, where the action of the legend unfolds.

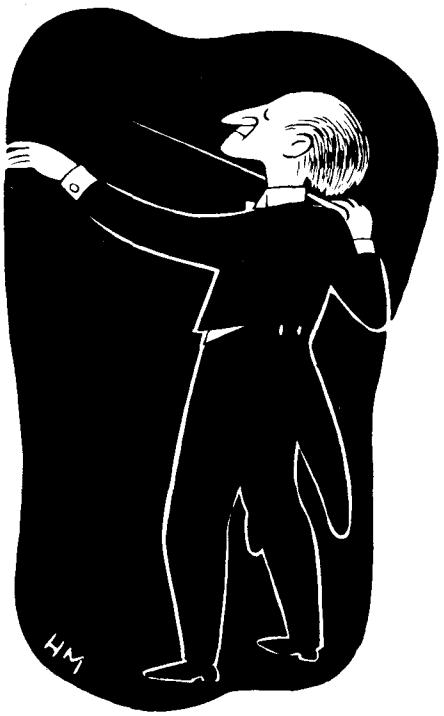
Perhaps what bothers me, in the evaluation of Ashton's work, is the unwarranted if inevitable comparison —as between arts—with Wagner's response to the same general theme. I admit a certain virtue in the condensation of a four-hour music-drama into a twenty-five-minute ballet, but I do not reckon a fairly conventional *pas de deux* as the emotional equivalent of "O sink' hernieder, Nacht der Liebe."

Music-minded people have been too long under the spell of ballet's pretension that it is doing better the things a music lover values, but cannot appreciate in its activated form. More and more, I think that ballet theatres should be provided with intellectual cloak rooms, where those cursed with preconceptions could put them aside, like hats and coats, thus transferring such responsibility to someone else. They could then absorb an evening's entertainment without encumbering properties. Till this can be conveniently arranged, I must regard "Picnic at Tintagel," for all its engaging decor and agreeable action, as a cold lunch where servings of Tristan and Isolde are concerned.

* * *

Pursuing the heretical trend of thought initiated above, I would like to ask—if anybody is listening—why a critic may not be allowed, once or twice a season, to plead an "indisposition," like the lowliest of God's creatures—say a baritone or a contralto. I bring up the subject timidly, but without hesitation, since my observations have to do with Artur Rubinstein and his piano playing recently in Carnegie Hall. Three-thousand persons, plus, responded with all-out enthusiasm, likewise a majority of my critical peers. In the circumstances I can only attribute my lack of response to a form of intellectual laryngitis. Were I singer I would have stayed home and nursed my inflammation; being something else, I ventured forth, only to find that all I can nurse are objections.

Prominent among the causes for objection were the several hundred people on the stage, where all I wanted to see was Rubenstein. Doubtless the sale of seats on the stage will be explained as a kindness to those hundreds who could not have been accommodated otherwise. But how about the thousands in the hall who bought tickets to concentrate on the pianist and his art, but were served instead with the choice of gazing at all sorts and styles of costumes, stockings, legs, and arms as distraction from the great artist's work, or not watching him at all? (There is always the man in the back row who stands up at the climax, thereby towering over everybody, including Rubinstein.)




I didn't like the program either, since it offered as focal matter the F minor Sonata of Brahms and a Suite from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" (illogically noted in the program as a "Sonata"). It takes a great pianist, such as Rubinstein, to make one aware that this Brahms sonata is really a sketch for an orchestral work not a fulfilled one for the keyboard. With persons of lesser ability, it is arguable that the thick middle voices and the tremolo bass sound badly simply because of the performer's limitations. When the bass is muddy and the middle voices thick in a Rubinstein performance, something is wrong with the piece. As for the "Petrouchka" bit, it makes as much sense on a pianist's program today as was made forty years ago by transcriptions of "The Ride of the Valkyries" or the Overture to "Tannhäuser."

But, as I started to say, I was indisposed anyway. Rubinstein, I am sure, will survive. For that matter, I suppose I shall, too.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

# Fantastique

By David Morton

AND after the bold brasses,
after the drums,
When the last sound of
, these has gone,
Leaving the air tired and still,
There comes
A passage for the strings, as spent
of will,
Almost, as the spent air it lies
upon:
Song without words,
Song widowed, wanting its words.

I think of a green land, of the slow
herds
Grazing, of the tall clover brushing their knees,
Of a head lifted, here, a head,
there,
Listening . . . These,
I think, these are the words.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 21)

and adjectives that have been applied to his four earlier novels automatically come to one's mind; "sardonic, witty, and provocative . . . opera bouffé presented with lucid lunacy . . . champagne for jaded appetites . . . impudent, ironic and profound." He has perhaps all of these qualities; but he is not a first-rate novelist. His characters, however charmingly absurd, are not real people. They are the bloodless and heartless creations of a fairy-tale, and his plots wither and fall to pieces at the end, as "The Duke of Gallodoro" ends with a series of inconsequential letters. There are traces in Aubrey Menen's work of the earlier social satires of Evelyn Waugh and Aldous Huxley and, inescapably of Norman Douglas's "South Wind"; but it is doubtful if Mr. Menen has made any definite contribution of his own to the art of the English novel.

## *Emotional Drifting*

*THE WORKS OF LOVE. By Wright Morris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 269 pp. $3.

By Emmett Dedmon

IT IS refreshing to find, as a reader does in "The Works of Love," a modern novelist with the courage and intellectual faculties to suggest new meanings for a traditional theme. Love as a motivating factor in human experience has suffered much abuse from both our novelists and those experts in the science of the mind, the psychologists. The novelists have been content to offer us the surface facts of conventional romanticism or have lost themselves in a labyrinth of excessive sentimentality. The psychologists have followed the Freudian fashions so closely they have had no eyes for the idea of love that transcends sexual experience.

Writing incisively and with economy, Wright Morris has isolated the experience of love from these conventional associations in telling the story of Will Brady, Midwestern American.

Will was born in Nebraska, the only child of a loveless marriage between a frontier farmer and a mail-order bride. On a desolate rim of the prairie where living was impossible—Will's father ended up hanging by a wire from his own windmill—there was no margin of time or energy for love. Later, when both parents were dead, he was to find out a thing or two about


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*Sincerely,*

Earl Conrad.

(Earl Conrad is the author of the best seller, *Scottsboro Boy*, and *The Public School Scandal.*)

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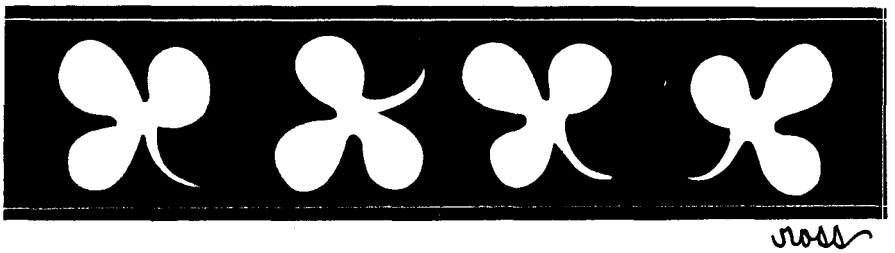

living but very little about love. He was to leave that prairie, as his mother had wanted to do, but like his father, he was never to forget it. As he knew nothing of love or even that love was what he was seeking, the life of Will Brady was not so much a search as a wandering. In his emotional drifting he picked up some of the tokens of love but very little of negotiable value. He became a father to a child that bore his name, but the child was his neither in flesh nor in spirit. He had two wives, but with neither of them was he to achieve the status of a husband. He was born alone, and he was to die alone, always loving but never able to love the ones he cared for most.

Morris has dedicated his novel to "the memory of Sherwood Anderson, pioneer in the works of love." His debt to Anderson in both style and subject matter is great. Will Brady is a Nebraskan but he is equally a native of "Winesburg, O." His native habitat is even a hotel rather than a home.

But if Morris stands partly in the shadow of Anderson, he casts his own shadow of talent toward the future also. He has shown an understanding of the philosophical origins of our emotional dilemmas that has been more a characteristic of European literature than of American fiction. For this intelletcual coming of age, if for no other reason, "The Works of Love" is a remarkable step forward.

Like so many of his contemporaries, Morris still finds it necessary to set his final scene in the "Wasteland" that T. S. Eliot established as the heritage of our modern authors. But if the ending is shrouded by Will Brady's descent into the murky waters of the Chicago River, at least the journey was one of illumination. This fact alone makes Morris a rare guide and his novel a fit companion for a literate man.

# Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

IMPERSONATIONS

Blanche McKeown, of Memphis, Tennessee, says that some very interesting literary characters have impersonated another for various reasons. She asks you to name the characters described below and either the stories in which they appeared or the authors who created them. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. A brilliant young barrister, supposedly killed in a drunken brawl, awakens in new surroundings and becomes a beloved tailor.
2. This high-born Scotch girl pretended to be a gypsy to win the love of the local minister.
3. When his valet dies, a very shy English painter assumes his name and allows reports of his own death to be circulated.
4. A boy who was a king changed places with a pauper boy who closely resembled him.
5. A French nobleman masquerading as a barber falls in love with an English belle.
6. An English king of Norman descent fought bravely for a young Saxon knight whose father bitterly hated all Normans.
7. A dissipated young lawyer, who bore a marked resemblance to the husband of the woman he loved, allowed himself to be sent to the guillotine in place of the husband.
8. The resemblance between a young girl of wealth and the inmate of a neighboring asylum is used by unscrupulous plotters in an attempt to gain her fortune.
9. An Englishman and a German who bear a marked resemblance meet in Africa at the beginning of World War I, and one impersonates the other as a means of counterespionage.
10. A tourist takes advantage of his likeness to the king of a small country in the Austrian Tyrol to win the love of a lady engaged to the king.

# *Fiction Notes*

*THE LIGHTED CITIES. By Ernest Frost. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. The chief antagonists in this novel of conflict on the upper levels of Britain's Bohemia are an aging and epicene music critic and an ambitious and sadistic art historian. Object of their rivalry is the pianistic genius, Arthur Godwin, who has a few quirks of his own. In addition to an inconclusive love-affair between a young author and the wife of the art historian, there is a heavy freight of symbolism here having to do with the larger meanings of love and creativity as opposed to reason and opportunism. The specialized quality of the psychological problems of Mr. Frost's characters and the generally miasmic atmosphere in which they move rob these symbols of much of their effectiveness. Apart from a general tendency to imply that larger meanings lie behind an essentially trivial tale, Mr. Frost's writing has the kind of cultivated brilliance that is exceedingly popular these days and not without its effectiveness.

*EVERY CRAZY WIND. By John Wallace Pritchard. Dodd, Mead.* $3. Mr. Pritchard has undertaken the dubious assignment of writing a humorous novel set in a hospital for the mentally ill and involving a hero whose particular form of sexual disorder is not usually discussed in the lighter forms of fiction. The result is surprisingly not as unpleasant as you might expect. This is primarily because Mr. Pritchard has a highly engaging style, has created a hero and heroine with some warmth and depth, and has resisted most—though not all—temptations to poke fun at the deranged. The whole thing is somewhat overdrawn, however, and the doctors are remarkably slow in diagnosing our hero's ailment. Set this down as a good try which just avoids being in bad taste.

*THE WAGES OF FEAR. By Georges Arnaud. Translated by Norman Dale. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $2.75. In a lean prose which combines the pace of a good detective story with the brooding quality that characterizes much existentialist writing, M. Arnaud has set forth his spare little tale of suspense. Problem is to get those two truckloads of nitroglycerine across the plains of Guatemala without having them blow up. M. Arnaud shows how the four men, derelicts all, who have undertaken the job, each responds to the mounting terror and tension of the grim assignment. He quickly achieves an atmosphere of real suspense and frightening excitement, which he holds throughout the short

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run of his narrative. Regrettably he was unable to resist an "ironic" little fillip at the end, which betrays the hand of the too artful professional. This apart, he has constructed a neat thriller with some psychological overtones that are not too taxing.

*SLANT OF THE WILD WIND. By Garland Roark. Doubleday.* $3. Captain Gordon Redd of the sailing vessel *Lady of Glasgow* turns out to be quite a fellow before you're very far along in "Slant of the Wild Wind." Arrested on a charge of piracy—of which technically he had been guilty out of mistaken loyalty to his employer—he skilfully averts conviction, and then proceeds to escape to the South Seas with a cargo of stolen gold and an embezzling banker. Well, the authorities can't let him get away with that, so they are soon in hot pursuit, but he outsails them and outsmarts them.

By the end of the book all the real villains—and Geoffrey Lipscomb-Grey is as nasty a one as you'd like to meet—are lined up for punishment, Captain Redd has cleared his good name, saved his ship, restored his employer's fortunes, and is about to marry that same employer's daughter, Martha. In the meantime he has managed to snatch off a few searing moments of amorous dalliance with that exotic native princess who has been banging around those South Sea Islands ever since I learned to read.

Mr. Roark's plot contrivances are fairly predictable, but his pace is fast, his characterizations serviceable, and his descriptions of seafaring action intensely alive. If you like a fast chase (*cum* romance) you'll like this one.

*HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE. By Moira Gaskin. Crowell.* $3. Two story lines give length but not body to this garrulous British import. The first has to do with young Doctor Gates, who isn't getting on too well with his lovely but unloving wife Sheila. Sheila is perhaps in love with Max. At any rate she goes off with him. So Dr. Gates picks up an old love affair, left over from his youth, and carries on for a while with Harriet. In the end, for no apparent reason—other than that all four have talked themselves and the reader into a stupor—Sheila and Dr. Gates are back together again. Concurrently there is the sad tale of one of Dr. Gates's patients, Louisa Tarrant. You'll have to follow me closely here. Louisa is in the hospital because she is suffering from nervous shock. The shock is because her son has just been killed in an automobile accident by Rod Catterson, famous novelist. But the thing is deeper than that. You see


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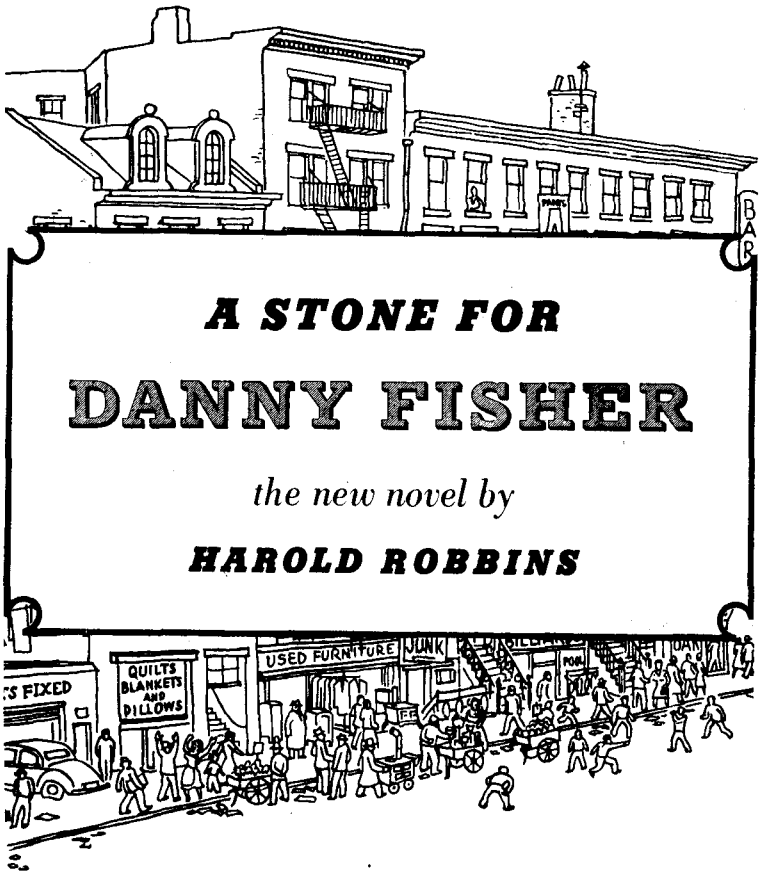


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Moira Gaskin—"considerable talking."

Rod, all unknown to himself, is really the unwed father of Louisa's little son, whom he has just killed. He is also suffering from cancer, and his publishers are very anxious to have him finish his new novel before he too pops off. Problems: Should Louisa tell him that he has killed his own son? Should she pick up her old love affair with him in order to inspire him to finish the novel before the deadly dead-line? As you can see, these problems require considerable thinking and talking out, and the author spares us nothing. Just before the end, with everything about cleared up, a number of the characters announce to each other their intention really to talk the whole thing over some day. The only possible retort to that one is "Perish forbid!"

*THE COURTING OF SUSIE BROWN. By Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce—Little, Brown.* $3. No publishing season would seem quite complete without a new Caldwell title on the book stalls. This year, however, the publishers apparently really had to reach to get together an entry for the spring listings. None of the seventeen short stories in "The Courtship of Susie Brown" is new, and most of them are undistinguished. Seven—the best—have already been gathered into earlier collections. Of the rest, most have, in the author's words, been "dormant and dusty" in the pages of magazines for ten years or more. I think he would have been well advised to have left them in that neglected state.

Except for the omission of his stories of sexual excesses or eccentricities, Mr. Caldwell's usual range can be found here. Most of the items are overextended anecdotes of "earthy" humor or aberrant catastrophe: two deal with bucolic courtships, one is a traveling salesman story, one is a horse-story, three are character vignettes, a number treat the humorous aspects of the laconic character of the Maine farmer, and two are tragedies of adolescence. The best story in the collection is "The People v. Abe Latham, Colored," where Caldwell reveals with vigorous indignation the white's mistreatment of our Negro citizen. Since this is available elsewhere it can scarcely be said to justify the volume.

*JASMINE STREET. By Clifford Dowdey. Doubleday.* $3.95. Clifford Dowdey—who must be blessed with total recall or an indefatigable capacity for research—has reconstructed the first five decades of this twentieth century, as lived through by an average middle-class American. In a long, nostalgically detailed, quietly moving, and soundly substantial chronicle novel, he remembers, and will make you remember or believe in, the things we said, the books we read, the songs we sang, and the clothes we wore through the years of change, growth, depression, and two wars.

The Jasmine Street of the title has symbolic overtones. It represents the drive of Paul Carrick's mother to set her family, and particularly Paul, on the solid road of material success which was the American dream of the period. Later it came to represent to Paul himself a less ambitious but related goal of building a secure and stable life for himself and his family. In between we go to school with Paul, and to World War I; we get into the publishing business in the frenetic Twenties; and, of course, we go through the stock market crash and the depression years.

It's all here and anyone who has ever enjoyed leafing through an old newspaper file, or an old photograph album, or a batch of old letters, can settle down for many hours of pleasant reading. If Mr. Dowdey's Paul never quite emerges from his role as a typically nice guy with whom we are all supposed to identify, and if the optimism of the ending gets somewhat fuzzy around the edges, these are minor flaws in a period piece primarily designed to evoke the enjoyments of reminiscence.

*VICTORY ALSO ENDS. By Fred W. Booth. Rinehart.* $3. This late addition to the list of World War II novels is a war novel in the sense that all its scenes are scenes of combat action. Throughout we are with a group of American infantrymen as they advance under fire through mountainous Italy for the taking of the Po Valley. But in the character of his hero, Captain Mike Andrews, the author has

Fred W. Booth—"principled reflection."

attempted to deepen the significance of his tale by an investigation into the nature of courage—physical and moral. Mike is a superb combat officer, and Mr. Booth makes us believe this. Under fire he proves resourceful, courageous, capable of quick and correct decisions, and able to get the most out of his men. But as a citizen at home he had been a failure, deserting his wife and child, incapable of adjusting to or fighting with the exigencies of the modern world. And in the field he knows, in a few sharply etched scenes, a similar incapacity for action or understanding when confronted with personal decisions which required principled reflection.

Mr. Booth has skilfully pictured the two aspect of his hero's character, but he has failed convincingly to show how they were combined in the one personality. The result is a constantly engrossing novel of high tension action, with vivid strokes of characterization, which falls just short of the author's larger intentions.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

## LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Charles Mallard, in "The Right of Way," by Gilbert Parker. 2. Lady Babbie, in "The Little Minister," by James Barrie. 3. Priam Farll, in "Buried Alive," by Arnold Bennett. 4. Edward VI, in "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain. 5. "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Booth Tarkington. 6. Richard Plantagenet, in "Ivanhoe," by Sir Walter Scott. 7. Sydney Carton, in "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens. 8. Laura Fairlie, in "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. 9. Sir Edward Dominey, in "The Great Impersonation," by E. P. Oppenheim. 10. Rudolf Rassendyll, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope.

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## POETRY

(*Continued from page 14*)

witty, informed, gay, sophisticated, loving, and always serious. To the thousands who have enjoyed every line she has written in *The New Yorker* this book will be real treasure.

The long prose piece at the beginning, "Suburbia, of Thee I Sing," in spite of its sturdy appearance, is not *plat du jour* but *hors d'oeuvres*. The commuter, Miss McGinley insists, is a much maligned man. He is never shown as a sympathetic figure. On the contrary, he spends his life riding to and from his wife, his sanctuary is supposedly the club locker room, and his ideas are purported to spring ready-made from the illiberal magazines. His wife plays politics at the PTA and keeps up with the Joneses. Instead, says this authoress, suburbanites such as she and her husband are proud to be are free alike from country snows or city soot; they are free to lead any life they like, provided they pay their taxes, paint their clapboards, and trim their hedges. Some, she avers, write, others paint, others play the clarinet; some sail, some plant vegetables, and some buy them; few expect to be deliriously wealthy, world-famous, or divorced. "What we do expect is to pay off the mortgage and to send our healthy children to good colleges."

And it is with these children that Phyllis McGinley is most concerned. Almost all her verses refer to them if only obliquely! Her true toast is always, "The children, God bless them." She shows us the little boys learning in the nursery to condescend to little girls; the executive's wife using contract to delay the encroaching desolation of her day; the ladies at the play who laid their lives upon her lap; the poodle who loves her; the bed she loves. And every now and then, when a scientist discovers a cahow; when she faces her own old age

> Three things seem sliding
> From my sight
> The line dividing
> Wrong from right
>
> Whereto we hie
> From where we've been to
> The needle's eye
> A thread goes into

Miss McGinley's verse may suddenly soar like some neat, new-painted plane leaving the concrete runway for the serener air:

> Proud walk the people folded warm
> In Hate. They need not pray for spring
> But threadbare do I face the storm
> Or hug my hearthstone, shivering.


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# *Four Perceptive Poetic Voices*

*IN TIME OF SWALLOWS. By Mae Winkler Goodman. New York: Devin-Adair Co. 54 pp. $2.75.*

*BROKEN PATTERN. By Mary Willis Shelburne. Richmond: Dietz Press. 65 pp. $3.*

*THE GARNET RING. By Julia Johnson Davis. New York: Fine Editions Press. 104 pp. $3.*

*WINGED CHARIOT and Other New Poems, including Inward Companion. By Walter De la Mare. New York: Viking Press. 160 pp. $3.50.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

MAE WINKLER GOODMAN's "In Time of Swallows" is a collection of lyrics describing and commenting on fifty-two species of American birds, and the verses are acompanied by black-and-white drawings by William E. Scheele, director of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. The result of this collaboration is a book which will probably have a special appeal for bird lovers. The verses are for the most part informally-patterned rhymed descriptions, accurate in observation, vividly pictorial, and Mr. Scheele's sketches are sympathetic and charming. I think that Mrs. Goodman is a better poet in general than she appears in this strictly limited material. The majority of these variations on a theme impress me not so much as poems as melodiously stated factual data. With a very few exceptions they are quite objective; they lack those overtones which rise above descriptive phrases and make the thing portrayed an emotional experience; only occasionally do they depart from the explicit. As poetry, I feel that "In Time of Swallows" is undistinguished, but as lyrical commentaries the verses are graphic and pleasant.

"Broken Pattern," by Mary Willis Shelburne, is a volume of appealing and often poignantly moving lyrics. Pitched in a minor key, they reiterate the themes of grief and hope, of loneliness and courage, of love and loss, without any compelling originality either of concept or imagery but with authentic emotion and sensibility. This is feminine poetry in the sense that, as has recently been charged by an extremely able woman novelist and poet, the female poet is not often able to travel beyond the range of her own feelings. Mrs. Shelburne's range is limited to a personal world, but this is not necessarily too invidious a criticism, as she speaks lucidly and validly of those emotional experiences which she knows and communicates them with an unpretentious grace and sensitivity.

Julia Johnson Davis's poetry reminds me of the work of an earlier poet, Lizette Woodworth Reese; not that it is imitative or derivative, for Mrs. Davis retains her own distinctive personality, but because they both speak the same language. The poems in "The Garnet Ring" have a gentle dignity, an emotion whose intensity is never hidden by its quiet understatement. Here are no melodramatics, rather the commonplace and the familiar are raised to drama by the poet's perceptive and observant mind and heart. Nature and human nature are the themes; there is a pastoral simplicity about many of the poems. Mrs. Davis's landscapes are seldom without figures: the aspects of nature take on a deeper significance with the implication of personal and human relationships. In "Blackberry Winter" she is reminded that

> . . . the frugal brier
> Of meagerness can make
> A beauty that the cold and chill
> Challenge, but never break

and of fireflies, on a summer night, she asks

> Small workman, with your little light
> Making your rounds in the summer night
> Is the garden safe, does all go well
> In our domain, since darkness fell. . .
>
> . . . And are there stairways dark to me
> And passages I cannot see
> But only guess, built all of air
> And your small lamp upon the stair?

Mrs. Davis can turn her hand to the ballad, and do it well, with the flavor of the old English balladeers, as in "Dark Ellen"; and she can write a modern genre poem, as the delightful title poem, or "Henry Brown," with zest and humor and without being self-consciously rustic and colloquial. Even the few poems in Negro dialect come off with authenticity and charm, a very difficult feat. All in all, "The Garnet Ring" is a collection of poems of considerable merit. They are, as I have said, familiar in theme but they are never banal or trite, they reflect a poetic intensity and awareness which is spontaneous but disciplined, and they have a quiet distinction unmistakably their own.

"Winged Chariot" and "Inward Companion," published together in the American edition, are respectively a new and lovely long poem on the theme of Time, a sort of Rubaiyat in which the author contemplates that "indifferent soil of all things mortal"; and a collection of fifty-six lyrics, a few written as many as fifty years ago, others during the last few years, most of them recent, and all, as the poet says in a brief foreword, revised. Together they stand as the latest testament of a lyric genius not surpassed in our day nor, I think, in any other. Someone has well said of De la Mare that he writes as much for antiquity as for posterity; he has a quality of timelessness—vision and reverie, the forward and the backward look, the wisdom of simplicity and understanding, that especial virtue of true poetry which "even the unlearned may share with the wise."

Mr. De la Mare is himself a scholar and a learned man, and he possesses that rare faculty of being able, at nearly eighty, still to retain the fresh and childlike clarity of perception and emotion and that enchanting magical grace with words which have made his work beloved to so many people. In his long life he has not maintained an ivory-tower isolation from reality. He is well aware of the dark and grim aspects of life, as the somber and ironic touches in many of his poems witness; but he has, I feel, an immense inner serenity and confidence, a balance and acceptance of the mutability of things. He never storms nor rages, but neither is he deceived into an optimistic irresponsibility. I felt, in the long poem, "Winged Chariot," that Time was considered rather as a colleague, say, an old companion for whose powers one has an enormous respect.

The prevailing tone of "Winged Chariot" is gravity, but flavored with a delightful wit and whimsical humor, and it is so quotable and so memorable that the reviewer is tempted beyond the bounds of a review. The lyrics which make up the second half of the volume are varied in mood, some light, some concise and freighted with subtle and dramatic understatement; all of them stamped with the personality of a man and a poet who has been certain enough of himself to remain himself, and to write as he felt, faithfully and well, in his own fashion through many outwardly changing fashions of poetry.

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# *Poetry Notes*

*THE EXPLICIT FLOWER. By Louise Townsend Nicholl. E. P. Dutton.* $2.75. Louise Townsend Nicholl's fifth book of poems, like her earlier work, is a distinguished performance, the achievement of an assured craftsman in words. And with the quiet mastery of her music goes a serenity, securely based on faith in the iridescence of the body and other matter, prisms through which the soul passes to illuminate.

If the rhythms of a poet truly represent the poet's emotional level, then the calm, precise progress of these verses shows Miss Nicholl to be one who neither evades emotion nor is overwhelmed by it. Rather, she has learned to transmute it—as a river fed by fresh springs transforms the pebbles in its path. Implicit art thus becomes explicit in the flowering of these poems—and justifies the title of the collection.

The note most often sounded—upon which the various changes are rung—is one, naturally enough, of stillness, that stillness which lies at the heart of contemplation. The poems are brief on the page; like the oriole of which she writes, the poet "speaks in fragments . . ./In segments of the song,/ And not for long." More often, it would seem that Miss Nicholl is listening, with an inner ear, in "the realm of a more watchful mind/ Where quietness is of another kind."

The direction, it becomes evident, is devotional, not to say mystical. Such poems as "Incarnate Lord," "The Cumulus," boldly tend that way; but the other poems carry the poet—and the reader—along towards the same destination, ". . . the immortal and transcending hour/When the great world turns luminous and thin/And sudden fragrance rises from the flower." —Gerard Previn Meyer.

*THE NORTH SEA. By Heinrich Heine. Translated by Vernon Watkins. New Directions.* $3. When Heine was twenty-four he began the composition of two cycles known as "Nordseebilder" ("North Sea Pictures"); he finished them, along with a variety of other works, two years later. They were a complete departure from anything he had previously written and differed from all the other poetry he was to write. Instead of the tight little lyrics (chiefly clinched quatrains) which were not only his prime medium but his métier, "The North Sea" is a series of loose strophes, a set of polyrhythmical improvisations on a flexible theme. The style ranges from the quietly contemplative to the savagely sardonic, and, though Heine employs Greek mythology and Christian symbolism, he mingles them with an irreverence which is sometimes blithe and sometimes bitter. The sea serves as background, a shifting tide of low surf and crashing breakers which parallels the changing moods of the poems.

The moods have been reflected by Mr. Watkins, but the subtle music has been lost. His is, at the best, a competent and fairly literal translation. Since the originals are in an unrhymed free verse, Mr. Watkins did not have to worry about matching vowel sounds, but he might have gone to the trouble of preserving the rolling rhythms, the toss and pitch of the lines themselves. The translator, however, has been careless about the cadences and has reduced Heine's rhymeless verse to a succession of prosy statements. For example, in the poem which begins "Meeresstille! Ihre Strahlen" all the lines end in fluid trochees, suggesting the rise and fall of lapping waves, but Mr. Watkins spoils the limpid motion by ending half his lines with stolid, dead-end monosyllables. "Und den raschen Raub im Schnabel" may be literally rendered by "And the quick spoil in his break," but the translation misses not only the alliterative whimsy but the whole flow of the stanza.

Physically the book is flawless. The original German text appears on the left hand pages facing the English equivalents. It is typographically distinguished, hand set by Carroll Coleman at his Prairie Press in Iowa City, and is an unusually beautiful example of modern bookmaking.

—Louis Untermeyer.

*POEMS IN PROCESS. By Phyllis Bartlett. Oxford University Press.* $4. Regardless of whether a poet is inspired by a "fine frenzy," or sets out on a blissful fishing expedition in the streams of his subconscious, or composes with the calculated clinical accuracy common today, there exists inevitably a tangible process of creation. For purposes of this informative study, Phyllis Bartlett divides the poetic process into three stages: the inspiration, incentives, and motivations of the poet; the act of composition or the putting of words on paper; and in most cases the revision and final touching-up. Wisely, Miss Bartlett avoids the subject of inspiration, which few poets themselves are able to explain satisfactorily, concentrating on the stages of composition and revision. Her approach to the problem is particularly good in that the relation between composition and revision is analyzed in terms of the part played by the poet's friends and critics, circumstances surrounding the composition, drastic changes of mind, public demands, and artistic needs for reshaping and clarifying material.

The poetic material chosen for study in this volume is representative of most of the important poets, English and American, since Milton. In addition to the survey-reference value of the book there is sound commentary, especially on characteristics of the English Romantic, Victorian, and the modern period. For example, there are clear pictures of Coleridge's self-appointed revisions and stringent criticism of his colleagues' poetry, Tennyson's finical concern with Victorian accuracy of detail in contrast to the


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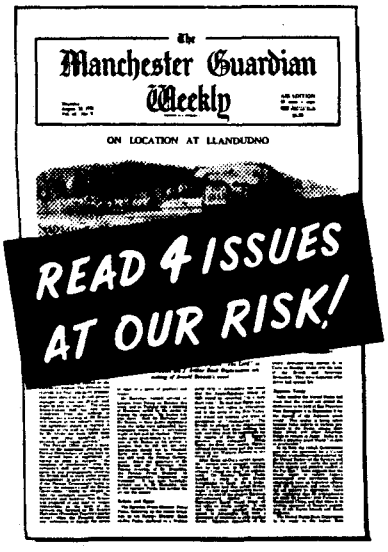


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temper of Romantic imagination, and Spender's graphic demonstration of revision for purposes of clarification. Those poets who feared examination of their first drafts may take comfort in the fact that whatever privacy Miss Bartlett has intruded upon has been accomplished with good taste.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

*GREEN FINGERS AND OTHER POEMS. By Reginald Arkell. Harcourt, Brace.* $2. This is a pleasant bouquet of light verse written for garden lovers. It was sprouted (obviously) in a cold frame against the south exposure of a well-known story by the same author called "Old Herbaceous." It is natural perhaps that the Old Herbaceous stanzas such as "The Lawn," "In God's Good Time," "Ting-a-ling," and "'Old Herbaceous' Says" are really first-rate and likely to land in any hothouse anthology. Some of the other green fingers however are mostly thumbs. A little careful weeding might have removed a number of items seedy in technique: good perhaps in certain lines—the way a handsome blossom will suddenly appear on a spindly stalk—but not altogether of exhibition quality. On the other hand, garden lovers are not necessarily admirers of the high polish in light verse technique. The sentiment throughout is warm and mulchy. The publisher has made the book most attractive with gay and appropriate drawings by John Teppich.

If this note sounds querulous because all is not so clipped, trim, and orderly as Old Herbaceous's spacious garden, let us add that the book is quite worth owning just for dewy blossoms comparable to the verse of the almost forgotten William Barnes. This one, called "In God's Good Time," for example, should be engraved on the back of every packet of seeds, or etched on the face of your best trowel. It will endure as a hardy perennial:

"Old Herbaceous" shook his head:
"You dasn't hurry 'em," he said.
"Unless you lets 'em take their time,
You'll never see 'em in their prime.
You fidgits 'em wi' that and this,
But *summat's* sure to go amiss.
You thinks that they be goin' strong,
But *summat's* bound to come along,
And if they frostises be late,
You'll lose the lot, as sure as fate . . .
'Tis all the same wi' fruit and flowers—
In God's good time, and not in ours."

—DAVID MCCORD.

*THE THIRD EYELID. By Frona Lane. Alan Swallow, Denver.* $2. In the title poem of this her first collection of poems, Frona Lane states her main theme, which is love threatened ("I would draw for shade/my third eyelid, my love,/to shield from all weather, whither we go together").

*—By John Teppich for "Green Fingers and Other Poems."*

Thereby she places herself in the line of woman poets who have asked of life on this earth what it seems so often reluctant to give.

Miss Lane is too much of an intellect, however, to be content with the lyric cry. Her work, to judge from this small book, is characterized by images which are, often enough, individual to the point of a determined oddity.

Furthermore, the reader who stays with this new poet may even detect a resemblance, on a greatly reduced scale of course, to the "Divina Commedia"—insofar as the progression of the theme is concerned. Like its great prototype, the book is divided into three sections, of which the first, "No Visible Green," presents the Inferno of our contemporary world; the second, "Towards a Brighter Sun," corresponds in its upward climb to the cleansing ascent through Purgatory; while the third, "Ritual of Purification," comes (as close as Miss Lane apparently feels is possible today) to the accomplishment of a Paradise.

Her special style shows to clearest advantage in the poems of "Towards a Brighter Sun." In these she summons up precise images, somewhat in the manner of Marianne Moore, as if, by clinging to the minutiae of the natural world she can renew "the weathered heart of the land." Like Miss Moore, she seems to look at life through a microscope rather than the unassisted eye, as she searches for a "fertile field hope."

All in all, "The Third Eyelid" sizes up as *multum in parvo.* —G. P. M.

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## POETRY & PERFECTION

(Continued from page 11)

most precious to us. They were presented directly in a bald English:

> The better the uncouther;
> Do roses stick like burrs?

After so many roses of verse elsewhere, the change was pleasing from its roughness as from its novelty.

Some of us were perplexed to find that this much-loved poet, though writing an English that was more that of speech than of poetry, was not much read save by the real lovers of poetry. He did not speak to the popular heart, or was not heard if he did.

SO far as I am able to judge the matter, after half a frightful century, those were some of the problems and aims in the minds of young writers. They were hoping and working for a prose and poetry that did not yet exist, that would, in form, be of a concise simplicity, and in manner so plain, so true, that it would overwhelm. The subject matter of this new art was to be tested by one question: "Is this universal?"

If a theme or fable could be placed in any class or society of human beings of any known time, without loss of probability or poignancy, then that theme or fable could be reckoned universal. The ambition of Macbeth, the political methods of Cassius, the family differences in the household of Lear could be placed thus in almost any class or society. To us, who were late Victorians, sharing in a great time, the great cry of which was, "Let the Nation have intellectual light," one duty seemed clear, to write so that the myriads then learning to read should not find the form, the manner, nor the language incomprehensible.

This duty, like many other duties, though seemingly clear enough, was not easy to do. We were not like the pupils of master-artists in the Cinquecento, trained in all fine ways of art, and accustomed from childhood to bearing a hand (of some sort) in great achievements, and to hearing, daily, a great criticism.

We had to find what we could do, and how it could be done, by Bold Design, Constant Practice, and Frequent Mistakes.

How difficult these things are. How easy it is to begin upon ill-made designs, to botch, blur, and patch them, hoping that they are, or will be Bold. How difficult and dangerous it is to practise when some thing has to be achieved. How many can perceive at once what is mistake, and what only unsuccessful? Only by labor, error, bitter disappointment, and beginning again can any power, not inborn, be achieved by man.

## *4 a.m.*

**By James Michie**

IN THIS debating of dark and demigleam
At soft quarrel, the heaven
Cross-questions me to my disquietude.
Soon I shall be driven
Out of my peace, for the railing moonbeam
Arraigns my easy-chosen, slyly-taken solitude.

I wanted rhymes from the night, but the buried
Ghosts set up their shaky
Cryings for food or justice, bringing action
Up to the living and lucky.
Why should I hear? Am I God to be harried
When the dead want satisfaction?

No. I will hide in the landscape and turn for
A time to the trite conversation
Of twig and wind and reed that out-talk groans.
The moon's peregrination
Shall tickle my mind, and a closer concern for
Water busying itself in navigating stones.

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# BOOKED for TRAVEL

## THE FIFTH FREEDOM: TRAVEL

IN A crisis-ridden world where currency and security restrictions impede the free movement of peoples across national borders, the approach of spring is still the signal for that mass migration of citizens from one country to another in peaceful quest for recreation and cultural enrichment: the annual phenomenon of the tourist bound for foreign shores.

Along with the robin and the crocus comes a quickening pulse in the arteries of international tourism. It is one of the miracles of the turning of the seasons, this friendly invasion, this fulfillment of a dream, as millions of persons swarm abroad by land and sea and air.

The tourist can travel as widely as he does today outside the Iron Curtain because of the work of men of whom he is probably completely unaware.

These men are the travel officials of the many governments who conceive of foreign travel as a unique form of international communication, as a source of greater understanding and good will among nations, as a major economic factor in trade among free countries, as a natural traffic that must increase as the world community takes shape. They have a vision of a day when each country will share the best of its culture, folklore, scenery, recreational resources, and products with visitors arriving without let or hindrance from every corner of the earth.

They call this vision the Fifth Freedom. It means doors open everywhere to tourists from anywhere. To this end these officials, who formulate and administer the travel policies of their respective governments, coordinate their work through the International Union of Official Travel Organizations, (IUOTO) to which every important tourist country belongs, some forty in number. Its headquarters are in Geneva, Switzerland.

One of the leading figures in the Union, and its president last year, is Dr. Herbert A. Wilkinson, director of the Travel and Transport Division of the U. S. Department of Commerce, who has said: "Simply stated, the aim of the Union is fulfillment of the fifth freedom—the freedom of movement. The Union is pledged to seek through international cooperation and joint action the achievement of freedom for all friendly people to sail the seas, fly through the air, and wander over the land enjoying the scenic heritage of the world and learning to appreciate, understand, and enjoy their neighbors in all friendly lands. All who have dreamed of visiting far places should also appreciate what a tremendous factor for the development of peace a great interchange of friendly visitors may be—not only because of its contribution to mutual cultural and social appreciation but its important effect upon economic recovery and development. A great step forward was taken when freedom of movement was set forth in the Declaration of Human Rights approved by the United Nations. But much work must be done by many people to make this freedom a reality and to consummate this human right."

"I'll be damned—they all do read it!"

THE Union is a consultative agency of the United Nations, and it tackles not merely theoretical or abstract problems confronting the tourist, but very real and tangible ones. It cannot be content with theory for it is dealing with a great economic force among nations, as well as a source of international understanding in a world that is more and more becoming a crowded neighborhood on a shrinking planet. It involves millions of tourists and billions of dollars.

A myriad of official barriers have been eliminated or simplified. Facilities have been improved to speed the arrival and departure of visitors. Self-defeating fees, charges, and taxes in many cases have been removed. Transportation and accommodations for the traveler have been expanded and improved. This is no small achievement, but much still remains to be done.

For example, perhaps 400,000 U. S. tourists will go to Europe alone this year, and spend possibly $470,000,000 there. They must be transported, housed, fed, and serviced along with the several hundred thousand Europeans, Latin Americans, Asians, and Africans who will be traveling on the Continent.

In the past three years suitable accommodations for tourists have been increased in Europe by 565,000 beds, making a total hotel capacity for 4,000,000 guests now available. Much of this has been done as part of the postwar rehabilitation and travel development program of the Economic Reconstruction Administration; and still there is a shortage of adequate accommodations.

Steamships and airlines plying the Atlantic Ocean between this country and Europe can carry about 750,000 voyagers annually, and this capacity is being dramatically expanded with the establishment of the new airline tourist rates for which Pan American World Airways has long led the fight. New equipment is being placed in service to handle the expected increase in traffic from tourists anxious to "do" Europe in two weeks on a modest budget. In fact, both steamship

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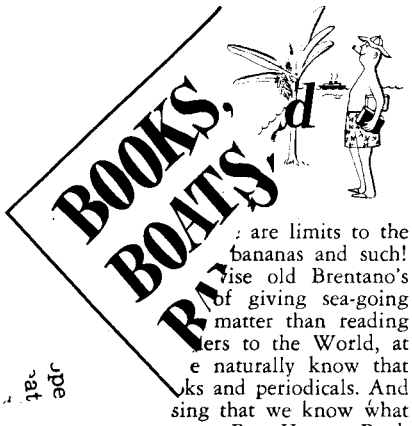


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and airline reservations are so high this early in the year that travel circles anticipate that 1952 may set an all-time record for American tourists going to Europe. The U. S. tourist, however, should not fear any prospect of finding the Continent overrun and congested. Many other countries through currency controls have greatly curtailed the number of their nationals who can hope to go to Europe this season. For this reason, in fact, the American will be more welcome than ever.

There is a vast complex of machinery working for the tourist when he decides to "take a little trip abroad." Not only are the travel agent, the airline or steamship company or railroad, the hotel proprietor, the restaurateur, the resort owner, the guide, and others serving the tourist involved, but the whole apparatus of government on many fronts from customs to security to health to finance. It is to the reduction of barriers and the increase of adequate facilities and personnel that the Union addresses itself.

OFFICIALS in every country are cooperating on the progressive accomplishment of these tasks. They understand not only the economic and cultural importance of bringing more tourists to their own country, but of aiding the development of the over-all community of travel.

One is John G. Bridges, director-general of the British Travel Association, a genial, tireless, energetic Scot who has not only been responsible for greatly augmenting tourist traffic

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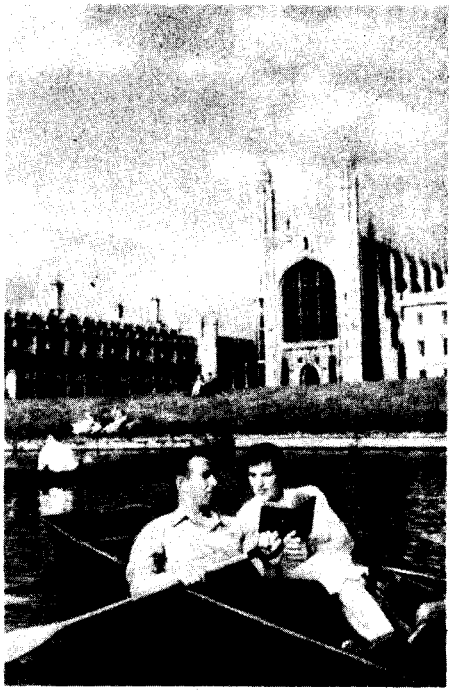

***"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there"***

TO BE in Cambridge, punting lazily on the Cam—three thousand miles from everyday routine. To be in the Lake District, amid wildness and grandeur . . . where Wordsworth's golden daffodils flutter and dance in the breeze.

To be in the Cotswolds. In Chipping Camden, Birdlip, Stow-on-the-Wold, Snowshill, Lower Swell — where stone-roofed, rose-covered cottages lie in the folds of the hills as though they'd grown there. To join the pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon for the Shakespeare drama festival.

To be in England in the springtime and to know that so many other treasures are near at hand in Wales, in Scotland, in Northern Ireland. Why not come to Britain—*while the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough in England—now!*

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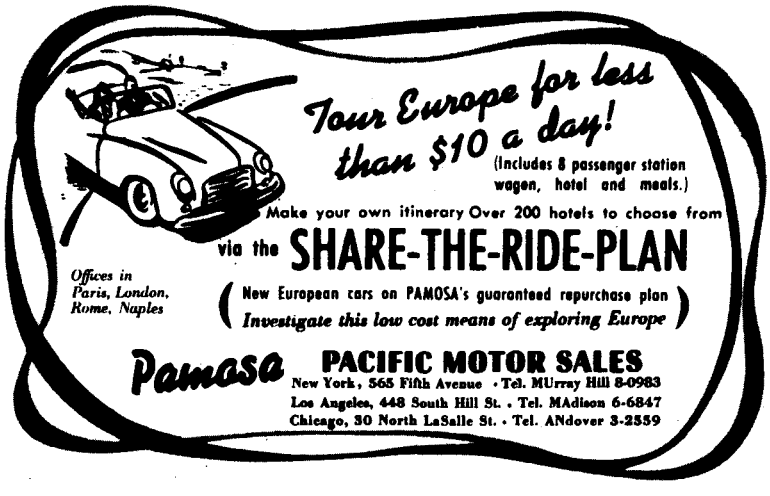
to the United Kingdom, but has worked within the Union for reduction of travel barriers, the elimination of unnecessary frontier inspections for the tourist, and for the development of travel to Europe in general.

Another is Henri Ingrand, hero of the French resistance, who is now France's commissioner general for tourism. Not only does he see that 3,000,000 tourists are given a friendly welcome to France during the year, but he has been an advocate within the Union to establish an international research institute, now in the process of organization, which will through scientific study increase knowledge of the nature and scope of the travel market and the impact of travel on the economic, social, and cultural life of a country. He is the new president of the IUOTO.

The honor roll is long and varied in the work of the Union. There are Dr. Pietro Romani, high commissioner of tourism for Italy, and his staff, including such capable officials as Foreign Director De Cesare, Count Dr. Fago-Golfarelli, and Dr. Guido Ricci. It would have to include such travel heads as Luis A. Bolin of Spain, Arthur Haulot of Belgium, Dr. Siegfried Bittel and Florian Niederrer of Switzerland, Dr. Milan Apih of Yugoslavia, Commander C. P. Newton of the Union of South Africa, Colin Black of Southern Rhodesia, G. E. Lampe of Norway, Dr. Warner Bloch of Israel, Kevin O'Doherty of Ireland, D. Papaefstratiou of Greece, Mogens Lichtenberg of Denmark, Dr. D. Majima of Japan, and Francois Morin, secretary-general of the Union itself.

These officials and their counterparts in the other free countries of the earth are symbols of hope, of a day and time when men will be able to travel freely and share the heritage of their own land with their neighbors. As the year turns towards the spring and travel plans are made in countless homes across the United States, it may be that that day and time are not too far off, despite the headlines telling of war and fear and restrictions. At least, these men and the tourists are on the side of the future and freedom.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.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## POLITICS

(Continued from page 20)

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into a trap—in Korea and elsewhere.

## *Scandalous History*

*HOW TO GET RICH IN WASHINGTON: Rich Man's Division of the Welfare State. By Blair Bolles. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 309 pp. $3.75.*

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

IN his scandalous history, "How to Get Rich in Washington," Blair Bolles retells in vivid detail the shocking story of corruption in Washington with which every newspaper reader is familiar. Its great value is not that it tells much that is new, but that it brings together in sequence the varied chapters as they have been set down by Congress and the press during the past two years. After examining all the available evidence Mr. Bolles reports sadly that today "we have government of the people, by corruption, for the privileged." What we have been witnessing is the "democratization of corruption," which is even worse than our "past epochs of political sin"—the Grant and Harding administrations among them—"in that today few can make a fortune, but thousands can wrest a fancy living from the capital."

This sorry state of affairs has come about, in Mr. Bolles's opinion, as an almost natural concomitance of the trend towards the welfare state. The national Government has taken the place of the great banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Company and, just as that banking house used to favor its friends, so now do those who handle the money in Washington favor theirs. In the old days of private enterprise if you knew a member of the House

*Karl Schriftgiesser, a former Washington correspondent, is the author of "The Lobbyists," a history of the practwice of influencing legislatures in the United States.*

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of Morgan you could get your name on the list of privileged persons and end up with a profit. Now, if you know the right lawyer, or fixer, or lobbyist, you can get in ahead of the other fellow and grab off your share of RFC funds, or some surplus property loot, or a handful of tankers, or get yourself bailed out of a bad investment in Texas oil wells.

With commendable reportorial skill Mr. Bolles plows through the mass of testimony that various members of Congress have set upon the record. He ranges from the all-too-well-known affairs of the mink coats and deep freezers to the less well-known, but even more startling, affair of Texmass. This latter is one of the most hilarious (and at the same time most shocking) in the book, for its cast of characters are a select group of Proper Bostonians who were taken over by a slick character from Texas who sold them stock in some almost non-producing oil wells. In turn these Proper Bostonians shifted the burden of their mistaken judgment to two of the country's big insurance companies. When these realized they had been sucked in they shed their coat of private enterprise, snuck around the back way, talked out of the corner of their mouth with a fixer—and got the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to save the day. Cost the taxpayers a few million dollars, too.

"How to Get Rich in Washington" is replete with documented accounts of how individuals, small and large businessmen, wise guys, and just plain fools have taken advantage of men in the so-called independent agencies of government who have "treated their public office as a trust for private interests." These characters range from such eminent gentlemen as Major General John Merryman Franklin, president of the United States Lines (read the book and see how much the new superliner—"America's answer to the *Queen Mary*," to be launched this spring—cost you, as a taxpayer), on the asking end—to such small fry as John Maragon, the ex-bootblack, on the fixing or giving end. Altogether these accounts go far toward justifying Mr. Bolles's broad assertion that the misuse of the Federal Government in our era exceeds the evils of the Grant or Harding eras, even if no "thieves of the first magnitude like Secretary of War Belknap or Secretary of the Interior Fall" have yet been found.

Although Mr. Bolles puts some of the blame for the breakdown of morals squarely at the door of President Truman, "How to Get Rich in Washington" does not posit the theory that the only way to save the day is to "throw rascals out." This is not essentially a campaign document. It is a reasonably objective book whose great virtue is that it tries to get below the surface and find the basic answers to the eternal problem of how to save public men from private pressures. That he succeeds in finding the final answer is questionable, but he does set forth some interesting suggestions for a course to be taken.

Congress should write the laws setting up and regulating the money-spending agencies with more regard to the public welfare. These agencies should be strictly accountable to the Chief Executive. Their administrators, from top to bottom, should be selected for ability and integrity and not for party loyalty. And the lawyers should stop making deals to thwart the purpose for which these agencies are set up. How to go about achieving this laudable aim? Mr. Bolles saith not.

## *Up Silver Stairsteps*

By Jesse Stuart

UP silver stairsteps of the wind we rise,
Our great ship leaves the earth's substantial floor;
We climb up in the spacious moonlit skies
Behind four trusted engines' mighty roar . . .
Higher we climb until the lights below
Are golden eggs down in a velvet nest
And motor cars are bugs with lights aglow
On arteries north, south and east and west . . .
What do these matter when we zoom through space
Where clouds sleep on bright mountains of the wind,
When the full moon climbs through clouds and tries to race
And our ship cannot leave the moon behind?
Reach out and throw a rock to slow the moon,
Reach out and grab myself a falling star . . .
From Knoxville to Chicago is too soon,
To coast from Heaven down where the world things are.


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# *Questioning Domestic Controls*

*HOW TO KEEP OUR LIBERTY: A Program for Political Action. By Raymond Moley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 339 pp. $4.*

By HAROLD D. LASSWELL

HERE is a book that deserves to have been written by an unknown. Too many Americans know Raymond Moley, or imagine they know him, to read his book even if they buy it. Moley is class-typed as a political commentator who soured on Roosevelt and the New Deal. So the Roosevelt-haters love him automatically, and the Roosevelt-admirers treat him with automatic contempt.

These stereotyped images do scant justice to the author and no little disservice to the potential audience. For Moley is a scholarly, experienced, and thoughtful public figure. The present publication is a sober addition to the growing literature of the "new conservatism," which should perhaps be called the "new Federalism." It is part of the great re-assessment of the aims and methods of our American policy that is going forward as the world crisis continues and grows more intense.

The thesis with which Moley is concerned makes no claim to originality. It expounds the familiar doctrine that our individual liberties are menaced by the progressive governmentalizing of human affairs and that prompt and continuing action on the part of an aroused citizenry, acting through committees created for the purpose, can reasonably hope to preserve our freedoms.

Moreover, the book lays no formal claim to scholarship. However, the framework comes straight from the author's professional familiarity with the great tradition of classical and American political thought. Re-editing Aristotle's thesis about the significance of the middle-class elements in a popular polity, Moley addresses the "middle interests" of the American nation. The middle interests are "truly national," they cut across "so-called class lines."

Scanning the American social structure in this perspective Moley draws upon consultants to demonstrate that our economy is essentially an economy of the middle interests, and that the distorting impact of monopoly has been grossly exaggerated for partisan purposes. He draws upon the same consultants to establish the degree to which "statism," as expressed through the "welfare state," is transforming our society and laying the foundation for colossal concentrations of despotic power.

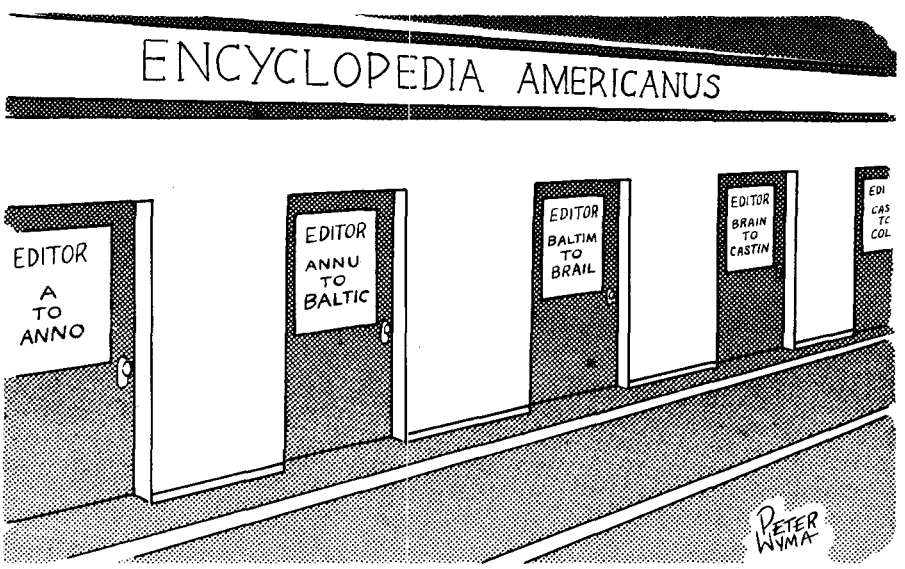
It is not necessary to agree with many of Moley's detailed contentions to accept his central recommendation that American citizens ought to engage in serious study and discussion of the present penetration of government into our society. It is of the utmost importance for Americans to insist upon questioning every new expansion of authority and control, and for that matter to challenge every considerable extension of government in the past. To challenge is not to prejudge. An overwhelming case can be made out for many of the existing enlargements of the scope of our national state. But the questioning needs to proceed with vigor and faithfulness not only today but between elections.

Every discussion group can benefit by taking some of the pages of Moley's manual as a take-off point for dissection. Moley has gone to the trouble of making provisional statements of principle, together with recommended applications, in many important spheres of government action. This applies to agricultural policy, labor-management relations, taxation, business regulations, and above all perhaps to the area of interstate control of natural resources.

I suspect that one reason that Moley's book will fail to accomplish what the author hopes for is this: Moley has not mastered the techniques of thinking persuasively and imaginatively in terms of goal. Goal-thinking is not to be confused with "planning" in the pejorative sense, since national objectives for achievement can be proposed for the commonwealth and not only for the government. Moley does not put his affirmative ideals for America in concrete terms, nor does he succeed in finding clear standards by which to delimit the spheres of governmental and non-governmental channels of action. Hence the impact of the book, despite its rational aim, is to encourage a blind "bucking of government" instead of a blind "bucking of business." Workable standards are still buried beneath the threshold of consciousness, so far as this book is concerned.

Perhaps it is a notable feat of self-restraint for the author to have composed an entire book on liberty in the middle of the twentieth century without paying more than passing attention to the national security crisis. Obviously this is a deliberate choice rooted in the conviction that our most direct assurance of eventual strength is the putting of our house in order by putting a stop to the governmentalizing trend. Admirable as this may be on pedagogical grounds, it contributes an other-worldly air to the treatment of liberty.

Mr. Moley's book calls to mind the persistence with which many of the New Dealers overlooked the Nazi menace in the Thirties on the theory that if our domestic institutions were sufficiently strong, our eventual security would be assured. Owing in part to this choice, another body of potential readers will exempt themselves from the opportunity to do more than scan the bright red binding in which Mr. Moley's somber message has been encased for the market.




*Harold D. Lasswell, professor of law at Yale University, is the author of "The Analysis of Political Behavior" and other books.*

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# Law Enforcement & Corruption

*PAY-OFF! By Walter Arm. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 267 pp. $3.*

*MURDER, INC. By Burton B. Turkus and Sid Feder. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 498 pp. $4.50.*

By Harold B. Hinton

THE growing bibliography on organized crime—a subject that may become of major importance in the forthcoming Presidential election—offers the student of this fascinating subject a confusing choice between conflicting estimates by self-styled experts. Earnest and sincere as these exposers seem to be, they are unable to agree among themselves on the exact nature of the evil or the proposed cures for it.

These two books are good examples. In a way, they are two sides of a coin. Messrs. Turkus and Feder recall the trials of the Brooklyn killers in 1940, while Mr. Arm turns his attention to the police scandals of last year in the same borough. To one who reads them together, there is a disturbing similarity in the sordid tales they have to relate.

Both volumes should serve as useful warnings to complacent citizens of any sizable community in the country that these things do not happen only in Brooklyn. They should stimulate us all to look around our own neighborhoods to see whether something of the kind is taking place under our very noses.

The theme they have in common is the corrupt associations of law enforcement officials with top-flight criminals. By its very nature this problem is susceptible of only occasional factual attack. Mr. Arm, an obviously competent police reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune*, has written interestingly and analytically of the Brooklyn grand jury's investigation which resulted in applications for retirement by some five hundred New York policemen under a quirk of law which permits an officer to refuse to waive his rights against self-incrimination if he is on retired status, but not if he is on active duty.

His account of the creeping paralysis which seems to afflict most law enforcement machinery in the country points out that the young, conscientious policeman is usually first led astray by you or me handing him two dollars to forget a ticket for a traffic violation which would have cost the offender five dollars. It is only too easy for the rookie, overhearing cynical cracks from his seniors, to assume that petty graft of this kind is really part of his salary—that part which the lawmakers forget to write into the statutes so that he can have a living wage.

Cases are cited of detectives of considerable standing taking as little as $300 or $500 as a bribe. Sometimes they were influenced by suits of clothes they could order from a Broadway tailor, or shirts from a smart New Jersey chemisier, the charge to go to the account of a mobster for whom they had done a service. An officer as high as an inspector was led astray merely by tickets to Madison Square Garden for prize fights. On the other end of the scales a police lieutenant could not account for $135,000 he had "saved" out of his pay.

Naturally, the underworld leaders took pains to disseminate the philosophy that a cop has to do something on the outside to provide for himself and his family. The grand jury established that a patrolman's take-home pay, in his early years, amounts to forty dollars a week in Brooklyn.

Harry Gross, a big-time gambler, apparently distributed something like $1,000,000 a year in "ice," as the gangsters call protection money. He told the grand jury he did not consider himself a danger to municipal government. His opinion did not greatly impress a grand jury of twenty-three men and women who sent for two years for pay of three dollars a day when actually on duty.

Mr. Turkus, co-author of "Murder, Inc.," was assistant district attorney of Kings County during the sensational trials in 1940 which sent a half-dozen leading gang executioners to the electric chair. He is justly proud of this achievement, but it is obvious that his book, written ten years after the event, is actuated by a lively dislike for the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee and a long-nourished resentment against William O'Dwyer, now United States Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. O'Dwyer was his boss during most of the investigations and prosecutions which are recalled.

As a literary collaborator Mr. Turkus chose Sid Feder, a former Associated Press reporter. Between them, they have furnished an inter-

---

*Harold B. Hinton, a member of the Washington staff of The New York Times, covered the Kefauver investigation for his paper.*


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esting, well-documented background account of the current and continuing crime problem, which is only slightly discounted by the personal indignation Mr. Turkus cannot keep out of the narrative.

His main quarrel with the Kefauver Committee has to do with the alleged existence of a tightly knit national crime syndicate, able to fix policies, decree executions, divide territories, and exercise the other attributes of a well-organized business. Senator Estes Kefauver and his colleagues reached the conclusion that such an organization does not actually exist, although there are friendly relations between local mobs designed to avoid duplication of effort.

Mr. Turkus is positive that an efficient national crime organization was set up in 1934, when the repeal of the prohibition amendment forced the mobsters to look for new fields of activity. "It was—and it is today—big business, with all the appurtenances of big business, except, possibly, formal incorporation papers and a department for advertisement and publicity," he writes. "Had it been a registered corporation, the Federal Trade Commission would long ago have investigated it for monopoly and general unfair trade practice."

He is so convinced of the present activities of such a syndicate (he deplores the loose usage of this term to designate such minor mobs as the S & G in Miami Beach) that he says "an organization such as this could not and cannot exist on a national scale without top-level protection," which, he writes at one point, must be available "even to high places in the national capital." Unfortunately, he does not sharpen this generality into specific charges, although Newbold Morris may do so.

Mr. Turkus suggests a national (not Federal, as he explains) bureau of identification to facilitate exchange of information on all mobs, big and small, between the officials trying to enforce the law. The main requirement, however, as underlined in both books, is the continued, courageous interest of the average citizen in the moral health of his own community—an uncomfortable and dangerous chore.

The express slows down . . . the Kremlin time table is stepped up . . . and Tommy Hambleden goes into action, as a body hurtles from the

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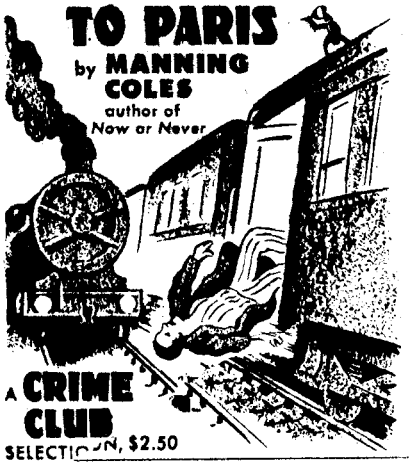

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| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| WHICH I NEVER<br>*L. A. G. Strong*<br>(Macmillan: $2.50) | Lesser felonies provide Chief Inspector McKay of Scotland Yard with umbrella for lively investigation of highly hush-hush deviltry. | Slightly loose-endy, but amiable handling of characters and pleasant if non-pertinent asides provide sound entertainment value. | Diverting |
| BOOKS FOR THE BARON<br>*Anthony Morton*<br>(DSP-LB: $2.50) | Family crisis in English manor-houses gives the Baron (Robin Hood type) chance to shoot dog, climb tree, tear library apart, snag killer, rescue beauty. | Three-ring-circus activity sometimes overreaches saturation point; no laughs in this one. | So-so |
| THE CAT'S PAW<br>*Marion Armour Salter*<br>(Rinehart: $2.50) | N. Y. dept. store ad tycoon flips down elevator shaft; gal copywriter in hell of a mess. | Accent on psychological overtones rather than on detection of culprit; pursuit angle swallowed in emotional tangles and past performances. | Feverish |
| THE CASE OF THE CORNER COTTAGE<br>*Christopher Bush*<br>(Macmillan: $2.50) | Star op of London agency knocked off; Boss Ludovic Travers dogs killers, even wangling trip to Ireland; Yard picks up crumbs. | Cast oversized, plot over-ramified, but story moves amiably without exceeding speed limit. | Standard |
| THE THREE WIDOWS<br>*Bernice Carey*<br>(Crime Club: $2.50) | Elderly Omaha couple, motoring down California, wonder to good purpose about three scattered decedents, all male. | Tourist-camp setting nicely handled; blundering of amateur eye funny and plausible; clinch little—er—w | Good |

—SERGEANT CUFF

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# *Politics Notes*

*DOUGLAS MACARTHUR. By Clark Lee and Richard Henschel. Holt.* $6. Clark Lee of the Associated Press wrote some of the most distinguished dispatches to come out of the Pacific in the 1940's. No correspondent was closer to MacArthur over so long a period. Such an association gives much of Mr. Lee's share in this book the authenticity and importance of primary source material. Much of what he writes he was and saw. Within these boundaries, he is, if not wholly objective, at least not unrestrictedly partisan. Outside these boundaries, it is another story. To imply that the Truman-MacArthur meeting at Wake Island was inspired by the fact that "Truman was in the public doghouse for his slanderous attack on the Marine Corps" is to fit history into a slot of one's own contriving. And in predefending himself from the charge of "oversimplification" in attributing "the tremendously important Asia-versus-Europe priority dispute to a personal fight between MacArthur and Marshall for power and supremacy," Mr. Lee manages to effect precisely such an attribution. Mr. Henschel's share in this combined operation is a gallery of nearly 400 photographs (they make up a third of the book), which is by all odds the fullest pictorial biography of its subject ever assembled, and an absorbing album it is. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

*WHAT EISENHOWER THINKS. Edited and interviewed by Allan Taylor. Crowell.* $2.75. This year and this book being, respectively, what they are, the moral laws affecting political propaganda perhaps oblige this reviewer to state that he is a Democrat who hasn't made up his mind. And after reading Mr. Taylor's excellent compilation of General Ike's public remarks since World War II, my convictions (or lack of them) remain unchanged.

That, of course, is not the fault of either Mr. Taylor's editing or of the biographical tidbits that he uses to garnish his long quotations. For these speeches, from which generous excerpts make up this book, were presumably delivered for other purposes than securing the American Presidency. Here is the General accepting honors, testifying before Congress, speaking to Columbia University's student body, addressing salesmen's conventions and the CIO and the Bar Association. One suspects that, on occasion, the man rather than the words had greater importance and that more than once the occasion may have governed the words. As a result, on some matters where definite statements would give a clue to a candidate's thinking, the best that Mr. Taylor can produce is a non-candidate's glittering generality. For example, Ike on the national economy: "I believe that without free enterprise there can be no democracy."

Yet, it is only fair to report that editor and orator do get specific on foreign and military policy—and there is ample material here to glean "what Eisenhower thinks." Similarly, Ike's enormous personal appeal and simplicity of manner come through in numerous excerpts where he discusses his fundamental beliefs in the spirit of cooperation and the need for liberty. On the other hand, where he stands on domestic issues and policies remains a great mystery. The logical implication of what he has said *appears* to put him rather leftward of Mr. Taft's legions and even Mr. Truman's on questions of civil liberties. But on economic issues his words carry a pronounced rightist tinge ("the best example of [perfect security] would be a man serving a lifetime in a Federal prison").

Altogether, then, Eisenhower's public utterances are well packaged under Mr. Taylor's editorial hand, but the General's opinions on numerous items of public debate are still private.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 456

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PEN AND INK SKETCH of your own house on your personal letter paper. Tifft, 284 Tifft Road, Dover, N. H.

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GRADUATE STUDENT, male, knowledge French, German, business training and experience; will travel to Europe summer as companion, typist. Box K-115.

CHARMING BEDROOM, use kitchen and living room. Rent to couple or two girls. Jackson Heights, N. Y. HAvemeyer 4-5201. Box K-108.

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# DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 938

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

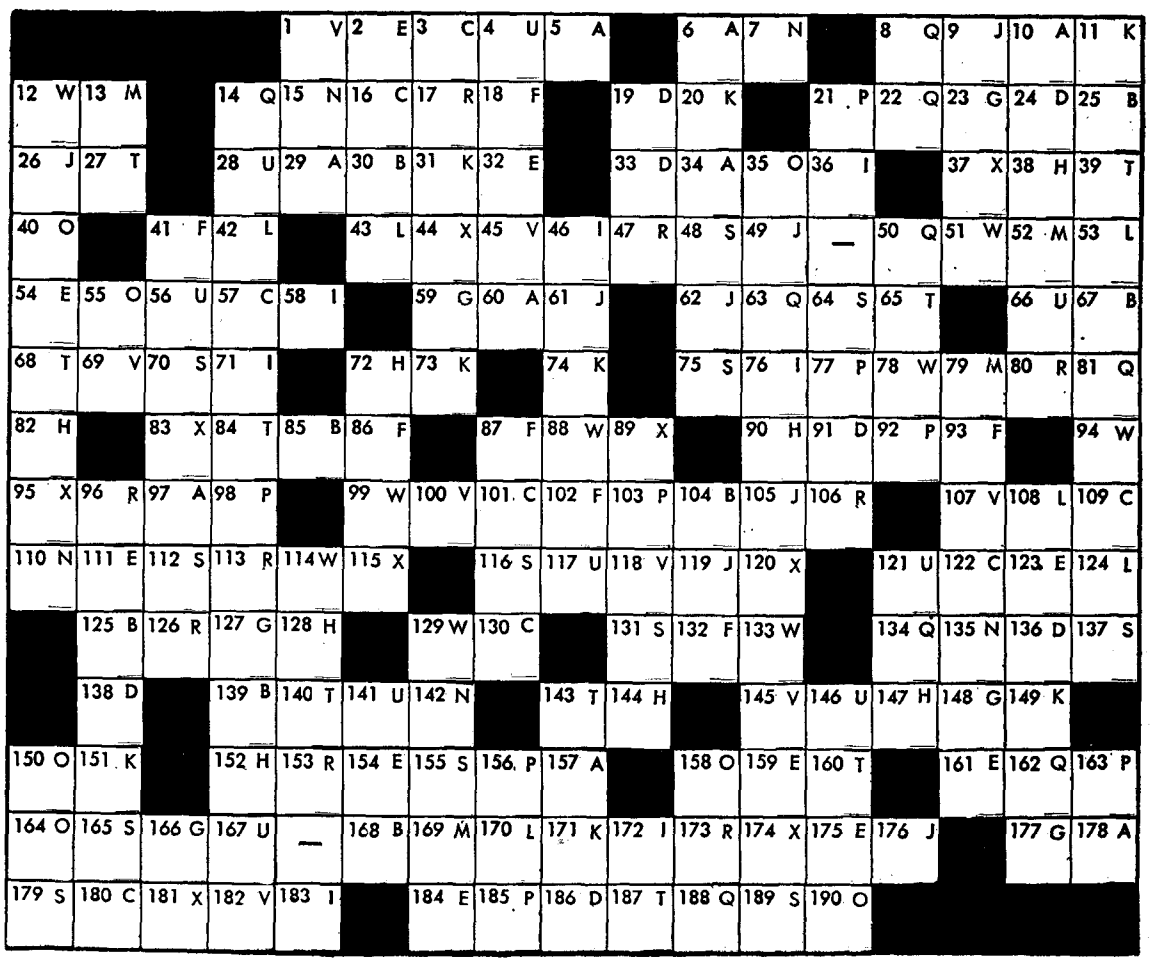
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Progressive. | 34 157 97 29 60 5 6 10 178 |
| B. Any yellow-flowered member of the mustard family. | 168 104 85 67 30 25 125 139 |
| C. A German who was awarded the 1901 Nobel Prize in physics. | 101 180 109 3 57 16 122 130 |
| D. A term of endearment (Anglo-Irish). | 138 19 24 33 91 136 186 |
| E. Supplies with nerves. | 2 154 159 184 123 161 111 175 54 32 |
| F. A word preceding several Psalms, explained as the name of a musical instrument, a tune, etc. (Bib.). | 93 132 18 86 102 41 87 |
| G. A great German composer (1833-97). | 177 166 59 148 127 23 |
| H. The scientific study of physiological and psychological effects of work on the human organism. | 128 82 147 38 90 72 152 144 |
| I. French diplomat and promoter of the Suez Canal (1805-94; preceded by "de"). | 46 36 58 183 172 76 71 |
| J. The wife of a landed proprietor in Scotland. | 62 119 9 26 61 105 49 176 |
| K. Melancholy; sad (Italian music direction). | 74 151 73 31 11 149 171 20 |
| L. Recent successor to Gen. George Marshall. | 108 42 43 124 53 170 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. An English college founded in 1440 by Henry VI. | 13 52 169 79 |
| N. River in central Brazil about 1300 miles in length. | 110 15 7 142 135 |
| O. Thoroughly (2 wds.; collaq.). | 158 164 190 150 35 40 55 |
| P. "In a" few words—to state or sum up. | 92 156 185 103 21 98 163 77 |
| Q. Guidance; management. | 8 162 14 63 50 134 22 81 188 |
| R. Fresh from the commission of crime (comp.). | 173 47 106 17 126 96 113 153 80 |
| S. Liberated from slavery, prison, or obligation. | 165 112 64 48 189 137 179 131 155 75 70 116 |
| T. An epithet of Dionysus (Gr. relig.). | 160 140 65 84 27 187 68 39 143 |
| U. Disconcerting. | 117 121 167 56 28 66 146 141 4 |
| V. Important food fish of the North Atlantic of the superfamily Scombridae. | 118 107 69 1 100 145 182 45 |
| W. Calumny. | 88 94 99 78 114 133 129 51 12 |
| X. Pertaining to earthquakes. | 89 115 44 120 181 174 83 95 37 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 43 of this issue.



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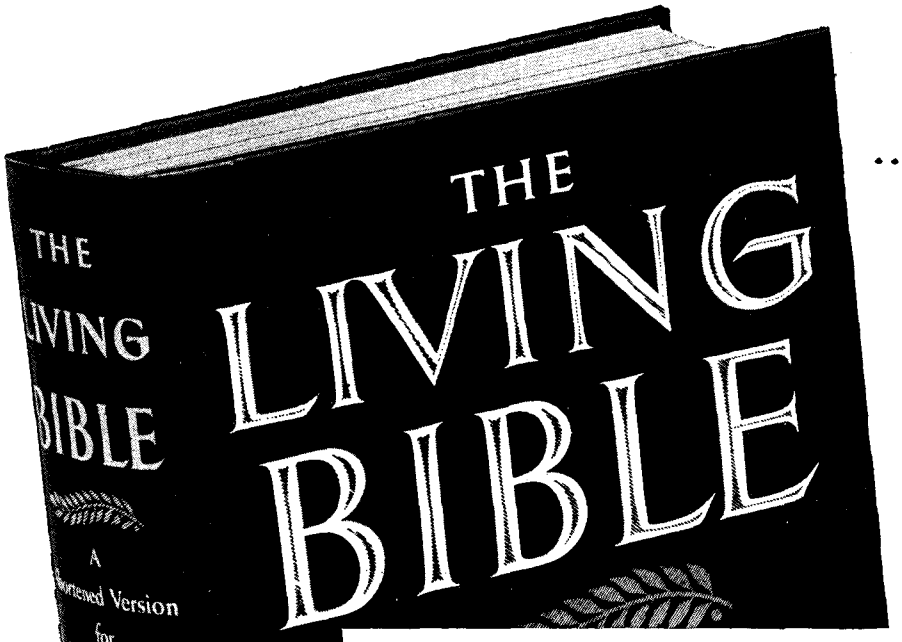


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